THE LAND WE LOVE.

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GEN. GEORGE BURGWYN ANDERSON.

An unsullied honor, a record that shall be immortal, and a grateful and affectionate remembrance of her martyred sons, are all that are left to the South from the wreck of the great civil war. That honor, no prejudice or malignity can successfully assail or even tarnish. That record of heroism and devotion shall grow in lustre as the years advance, and be the theme of song and story in ages yet to come. And that love and veneration for the noble dead will live and intensify until the present generation sleeps in dust; and then our children and our children's children

"Shall *revive* their names, and in fond memories
Preserve and still keep fresh, like flowers in water,
Their glorious deeds!"

Lavish as have been her offerings, North Carolina has rarely made a richer contribution to fame and history, than when George Burgwyn Anderson left them the legacy of his bright young name and example. It shall be the object of this imperfect sketch to tell his services and to commemorate a life that was as admirable while it lasted, as it was glorious in its conclusion.

George Burgwyn Anderson was born in Orange county, within one mile of Hillsboro', on the 12th day of April, 1831. His father was William E. Anderson, a brother of Chief-Justice Walker Anderson, of Florida, and best known as the faithful and intelligent Cashier, for many years, of the Branch Bank of the State, at Wilmington. His mother, Eliza, was the daughter of George Bur-

gwyn, of the "Hermitage," in New Hanover,—the head of a family graced by all the qualities which adorn society. He received his elementary education from that best of all instructors,—the mother,—and was subsequently a pupil of Colonel Wm. Bingham, and at the Caldwell Institute, in Hillsboro'. As a boy, he was remarkable for the brightness of his intellect, his amiable and cheerful disposition, manly deportment and studious habits,—the same qualities which, in after life, characterized him in so remarkable a degree. He matriculated at the University of North Carolina in July, 1847,—joining the Sophomore class of that year. Up to the time of his leaving the institution, he shared the first honors of his class with John Hill, a young man of high promise, who died early, Wm. H. Johnson, of Tarboro', afterwards a Tutor at Chapel Hill, and Professor W. C. Kerr, at present Geologist of the State. The distinguished President of the University speaks of him as one of the most punctual members of his class, as gentlemanly in deportment, most exemplary in morals, and, in every respect, the fitting compeer of the best of his contemporaries. It is only deemed necessary to refer thus briefly, to his youthful antecedents. Many facts are in the possession of the writer, exhibiting the germ of that character which, in maturer years, made him the object of such high hopes and tender regard; but the great events in which, as a man, he played so illustrious a part, obscure the trivial but pleasing incidents of his boyhood.

Through the kind agency of the Hon. A. W. Venable, he obtained the appointment of a Cadetship to West Point, and entered the Military Academy in 1848, a member of a class numbering ninety-four young men, and which graduated forty-one members. As soon as his studies commenced, in September of the first year's course, it became apparent (to use the language of General Stanly, U. S. A., who was his contemporary) that "young Anderson was not only one of the brightest intellects, but the *very superior* mind of his class." In the Mathematics, Physics and Engineering, he was particularly ready, and subjects or problems that ordinary minds agonized over for hours, he comprehended and mastered with a single reading. But he was too fond of reading and genial companions to confine himself to the dry studies of the Academy; and hence it was that he graduated only ninth in his class,—a high standing, of itself, but nothing to what he might have accomplished, as was evidenced by the fact that, at the first examination, in January, after his admission, he stood *second*. The library was his favorite resort, and, among the haunts of history, philosophy, and general literature he strolled and culled their choicest fruits.

In 1850, the strife in Congress between the North and the South, growing out of the Compromise agitation of that period, invaded the precincts of the Academy, and controversy was as excited

and blood as hot there as in the National Legislature. While young Anderson was earnest and decided in the vindication of the imperiled rights of his section, and devoted, with all the enthusiasm of his generous nature, to the sunny land of his nativity, his discussions were always marked by courtesy. In one of these discussions, as described by General Stanly, it was remarked by a participant: "Well, if war *must* follow, I hope that my day may have passed, that I may not live to see it." "No," said Anderson, "deeply as I too would deplore it, *if* it must come, I would feel it wrong that I should put off, for a succeeding generation, a misery that I am more entitled to bear." Those who were most intimately acquainted with George B. Anderson *know* that if there was any one trait, next to his scrupulous conscientiousness and exalted sense of personal honor that distinguished him and made him the nature's nobleman he was, it was his utter abnegation of self. And what a superb illustration of it was here!

In 1852 the class graduated, and Anderson's standing entitling him to the choice of the arm of service he should enter, he selected that of the Dragoons. After spending six months at the Cavalry School, at Carlisle, he was detailed by the Hon. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, as an assistant to Lieut. Parke, of the Engineers, ordered to make a survey for a practical railroad route in California. In this scientific duty, he spent most of the summer, fall and winter of 1853. We next find Lieut. Anderson joining his regiment, the 2nd Dragoons, at Fort Chadburne, Texas. Among the officers more or less connected with this extreme and desolate frontier post, during the year of his stay, may be mentioned W. J. Hardee, R. H. Anderson, Albert Sidney Johnson, Geo. H. Steuart and H. H. Sibley, afterwards Confederate Generals, and Pleasanton and Stanly, subsequently general officers in the Federal army. In the fall of 1855, the regiment marched across the plains from Texas to Fort Riley, Kansas, when Anderson, then 1st. Lieutenant, commanded his company in the absence of Capt. Patrick Calhoun, then in his last illness. The winter of 1855-'56 was spent at Fort Riley, and in the spring of the latter year, the Kansas troubles commenced. From that time until the middle of the summer of 1857, the troops in the country were incessantly engaged either in the arrest of predatory parties headed by such marauders as Jim Lane and Ossawatomie Brown, or in interposing to prevent the destruction of some exposed village by a Missouri mob. Here Lieut. Anderson had for a commander Gen. E. V. Sumner, and served in the same command with the since illustrious Joseph E. Johnston. In 1857, the Utah expedition was undertaken, the 2nd Dragoons was one of the regiments detailed for the duty, and Lieutenant Anderson was appointed its Adjutant. In the autumn of 1859, passing over intermediate events, he left Utah for Kentucky.

On the 8th of November, of

that year, he was married to Miss Mildred Ewing, of Louisville.—The following Spring, he received the recruiting detail and was stationed at Louisville until April, 1861, when he resigned his commission in the United States Army and hastened to North Carolina to link his fortunes with those of his State. *He was the first officer of the old army, then in service, who proffered his sword and his life to North Carolina.* True to the patriotic and filial instincts of his great heart, he rushed to the defence of the dear land of his nativity and his affections. In that defence he died,—nobly died, in the prime vigor of manhood, in the full flush of promise, and in the possession of all the endearing heart-treasures that make life lovely and attractive,—gloriously died, for a cause, in one sense, now lost, but none the less, right and holy, because so lost, and in the justice of which he believed as fully as he did in the existence of that *truth* which he idolized.

Arriving in Raleigh, he was commissioned, by Governor Ellis, as Colonel of the 4th Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, on the 18th day of May. This regiment, being one of the earliest formed in the State, was composed of the choicest material, and included in its *ranks* some of the best representatives of North Carolina. Jno. A. Young, of Charlotte, well known throughout the State as a gentleman of high character, and as a leading public man in his section, was Lieutenant Colonel, and Bryan Grimes, of Pitt, who subsequently won a merited promotion to a Major Generalcy, was its Major. Among its line officers were men, who had represented the people in many positions of trust and prominence. Colonel Anderson proceeded at once, with energy and enthusiasm, to reduce the raw and incongruous elements of his command to system, and although applying to it the rigid regimen of the regular army, he combined with discipline and decision so much of affability and kindness as to reconcile the impatient *materiel* to his rule, and to win the *hearts* of his regiment.—His men loved him from the start, and their affection grew almost to idolatry as they, in the course of time, experienced his tender regard for their comfort, his just and impartial administration, and the judgment, prudence and caution, which he united with the gallantry of the Marshals of the Empire. And he, in turn, was proud of his regiment; and well he might have been, for a braver band of heroes never faced a foe or marched under martial banners.

The regiment, after being fully organized at Garysburg, was ordered to Manassas, which it reached a few days after the battle of the 21st of July. A short time after its arrival, Colonel Anderson was appointed Commandant of the post, and under his skillful superintendence, many of the fortifications around Manassas were completed. Even at this early day he was strongly recommended for a Brigadier Generalcy by Generals Beauregard and Johnston, who were impressed with

his eminent capacity; but owing to certain invidious representations, the Government failed, at that time, to recognize his claims. He remained in command at Manassas until the evacuation of that post in March, 1862. At Clark's Mountain, on the Rapidan, *en route* for the Peninsula, General Featherston, of Mississippi, was assigned to the command of the brigade,—General Johnston, and General D. H. Hill, commanding the division, expressing surprise and regret at his supersedure.

The command reported for duty to Gen. Rains, at Yorktown, on the 9th of April, and was assigned to the left of Gen. Magruder's line of defence. Although present and slightly engaged at Williamsburg, on the 5th of May, the 4th regiment did not receive its *real* baptism of fire until the great battle of Seven Pines, on the 31st. Here Col. Anderson, in the absence of General Featherston, commanded the brigade, which consisted of the 49th Va., Col. (ex-Gov.) Smith, the 27th and 28th Georgia, and the 4th N. C. The latter carried into action 520 enlisted men and had 86 killed and 376 wounded! Of 27 officers for duty, 24 were either killed or wounded! No comment is needed to point the moral of such an exhibit.—Nor is it our purpose to give any further details of this desperate engagement, with its many tragic and thrilling incidents. When its history is fully written, the fact will be recognized that few, if any, battles of the war were fought with more conspicuous valor, with finer exhibition of individual intrepidity or more splendid instances of aggregated daring. Col. Anderson behaved throughout with such distinguished gallantry and skill as to elicit the highest encomiums from Gen. D. H. Hill, and to draw from the Government a prompt commission as Brigadier General, which was issued to him on the 9th day of June.

The brigade assigned him was composed of the 2nd, 4th, 14th and 30th regiments of N. C. Troops —all of which, under their then and subsequent commanders, earned an immortality of renown.

On the 26th of June, the series of battles around Richmond began, in all of which the brigade participated, and in the concluding one of which (Malvern Hill) General Anderson received a wound in the hand, while leading his brave boys through a terrific storm of shot and shell.

The writer of this sketch joined Gen. Anderson as Adjutant General of his brigade on the 25th day of August, 1862, while it was in bivouac on the Rapidan—the army, after some six weeks' repose from the giant struggles of the "seven days," being *en route* for the first Maryland invasion.—It was not the fortune of Gen. Hill's division to have an active part in any of the engagements of this remarkable campaign, until that of the 14th of September, at the South Mountain Gap, near Boonsboro, in Maryland—of which it may with safety be observed that, in its consequences, in the accomplishment of pre-determined objects, and in the skillful disposition of small numbers to oppose overwhelming odds, it is without

a parallel in the war. The division, unaided until a late hour of the afternoon, held in check the advance of the greater portion of McClellan's vast army, endeavoring, with battering-ram impetus, to force its way through the narrow gap, and thereby afforded time for the concentration of our various corps, dispersed in strategic directions, in season for the bloody issue at Sharpsburg. In this engagement (South Mountain) Gen. Anderson behaved with his characteristic intrepidity, and additional evidence was furnished this day that none of his brigade commanders more enjoyed the confidence of the division commander than the youthful and recent Brigadier. This is exalted praise, when it is remembered that he was associated with such men as Garland and Rodes. We need not tell who *they* were. Garland (between whom and Gen. Anderson, by the way, there existed an earnest friendship and admiration) fell early in this action. An accomplished gentleman, the very soul of chivalry, and one of the first civilian officers in the service, he would have won high distinction had he lived. Rodes, who ultimately succeeded Gen. Hill in the command of the division, was slain at Winchester, on the 19th September, 1864. His loss was one of those terrible disasters, which foreshadowed the final and approaching catastrophe.

We may not essay to describe the unequal field of Sharpsburg. It has been claimed as a victory for the Federal arms. History will not so write it, with all the facts and sequences impartially arrayed. At day-light, on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, Gen. D. H. Hill's division occupies the centre of the line drawn up to receive the brunt of battle. Soon, desperate and heavy from the left roll the boom of artillery and the rattle of small arms. A retreating mass of men sweeps over the hills in that direction, where the enemy has attacked with tremendous force. General Hill's division is ordered to change front to left, and, marching through a growing field of corn, it takes position in a long lane. Ripley on the extreme left, then Garland's Brigade (commanded by Colonel D. K. McRae,) next Rodes, and Anderson on the right. But few moments elapsed ere this small division, weakened by its losses at South Mountain, was furiously assailed by a force immeasurably its superior. It seemed madness to stand, but, true to its glorious prestige, it calmly awaited the shock. This was about 8 o'clock. And then the air shook with the din of arms,—of musket and of cannon,—and high above the clash and roar rung the angry "shouting of the Captains," the cries of the wounded and the groans of dying men. General Anderson occupied a prominent position on slightly rising ground, immediately in rear of his command. While thus exposed, and displaying the most splendid courage, animating his men by his example, and directing them by his cool and collected orders, he was struck in the foot, near the ankle-joint, by a minnie ball and fell. He was at once carried,

with difficulty and danger, to an improvised hospital in the rear, and the wound examined and pronounced severe but not serious.—No one dreamed that one of the truest and bravest men that ever lived had the *wound of death* upon him.

He was subsequently conveyed across the Potomac to Shepherdstown, and received every attention at the hands of the estimable ladies of the family of Mrs. Boteler, until Friday morning, when the falling back of the army necessitated his further removal.—Friends counseled his remaining, but he revolted at the idea of falling into the hands of the enemy, and his heart yearned for the ministrations of his devoted and lovely wife, and the little endearments of his infant boy. By slow stages, in company with his brother and Aid-de-camp, Lieut. Robert Walker Anderson, who was wounded in the same battle, and who was afterwards killed in the Wilderness, on the 5th of May, 1864, (and a noble type of the Christian gentleman he was,) he was carried in a wagon up the Valley, to Staunton, and thence by rail to Raleigh, which place he reached about the 26th of the month. At the residence of his brother, William E. Anderson, Esq., he was the recipient of every kindness that a sympathizing community could bestow, and of the best surgical attention. We may not invade the precincts of that home and speak of the tender love that, angel-like, hovered around his couch. After a fortnight of intense suffering, mortification having taken place, amputation was deemed necessary as the last hope of saving his valuable life. The operation was skillfully performed, but he sank under it and died on the morning of the 16th day of October, and surrendered his pure and noble spirit to God.

One of the largest public meetings ever held in Raleigh testified the sorrow of the citizens at the great public loss, and their sympathy with that agonized family.—And when the intelligence of his death reached the army, brave men mourned and wept. Death was, and had been, all around them, and they had become used, and perhaps callous, to its contemplation; but the loss of their leader and their friend moved them to new and *expressive* emotion.

He was buried in the City Cemetery. The funeral was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in Raleigh. The old flag, which waved above him at Seven Pines, riddled with bullets, was borne on its shattered staff in the cortége, and, attached to the saddle on the horse, which was led by his body servant, was the sword which he wore when he received the fatal wound. This sword was once the property of his gallant uncle, Capt. J. H. K. Burgwyn, and was on *his* person when he fell bravely fighting at the battle of Puebla de Taos, in Mexico.

What is left to be said may be comprehended in few words.—*Such* a life needs no formal eulogy.

Perhaps the most marked traits of General Anderson's character were his sincerity, his conscientiousness and his earnest devotion

to truth. These might, if qualities so noble ever *could* be so deemed, have been considered, by some, as almost quixotic in the extent to which he carried them. He would have died, if possible, a thousand times, before he would have swerved an inch from the straitest paths of rectitude and honor. With a spirit as gentle and confiding as a child's, he had all the nerve and decision of the best type of a man. Modesty herself was not more unassuming than he. Who that ever knew him can forget his *smile*, when pleasant and genial emotions were excited? It was like a sun beam lighting up his handsome face, and winning the prepossessions of all who approached him by an irresistible magic. Such a smile could only have been born of a heart, in which the purest thoughts had their home. And it was, if we may so speak, the index to his whole inner nature.

Had he been spared, he would undoubtedly have attained the highest distinction. But a death in the defence of home and country is equal to a life-time of glory, and when North Carolina makes up her roll of honor—as she must and will do, when calmer times supervene—full justice will be done to his memory. Surveying in mournful and grateful retrospect, the long catalogue of dead heroes who have illustrated her name and history, she will dwell with peculiar pride upon the life and services of GEOGE BURGWYN ANDERSON.

"THE LAND WE LOVE."

Land of the Gentle and Brave!
Our love is as wide as thy woe,
It deepens beside every grave,
Where the heart of a hero lies low.

Land of the brightest of skies!
Our love glows the more 'mid thy gloom,
Our hearts, by the saddest of ties,
Cling closest to thee in thy doom.

Land where the desolate weep!
In a sorrow too deep to console,
Our tears are but streams making deep
The ocean of love in our soul.

Land where the victor flag waves,
Where only the dead are the free,

Each link of the chain that enslaves,
Shall bind us the closer to thee.

Land where the sign of the cross,
Its shadow of sorrow hath shed,
We measure our Love by thy Loss,
Thy Loss—by the graves of our Dead.

MOINA.

JOHN MILTON.*

It is said that the Presbyterians, through the Long Parliament levied war against their king! We reply, first, that no advocate of good government will deny, at our day, that this war was inevitable, save at the cost of submission to a hopeless despotism.—But, second, when the Parliament determined on war, it was still under the control of the Episcopalian party, by an overwhelming majority. The Presbyterians, although influential by their ability, were the minority. It was only when the king, at the opening of the war in the autumn of 1641, required his adherents to leave the Parliament, thus withdrawing the more decided Episcopalians, that the Presbyterians began to make themselves to be felt. As the struggle waxed, the accession of the more moderate Anglicans, who saw that they could not proceed without the most hearty coöperation of the Presbyterians, and their powerful allies, the Scots, speedily gave them strength. Then indeed, the Westminster Assembly was called, their ambition was fired with the injudicious and unjust project of making their's the established religion of England, as it was of Scotland; and the war was pressed with determination, to establish effectually the constitutional limitations upon the King's prerogative. But the Presbyterian party, which then directed affairs, never dreamed of any other government than limited monarchy, nor of any other dynasty than that of the Stuarts. The evidences are, that when the Independent faction, whose strength had been nurtured mainly in the army, desired to revolutionize the government, "Colonel Pride's Purge" was necessary; by which one hundred Presbyterian* members were violently expelled at once; before the factious fragment could have leave to abolish the House of Lords, murder the King, and proclaim the Commonwealth. When these ruthless ends were established, the Rump Parliament endeavored in vain, for weeks, to

* Continued from page 42.

* Rapin Thoyras, Vol. xii. p. 561.

procure the bare proclamation of the Commonwealth in the city of London, which was the stronghold of Presbyterianism; and they did not succeed in procuring a compliance with this formality, until the Mayor, Reynoldson, and the leading Aldermen, had been fined and expelled from office, the city threatened with martial law, and the municipal government violently abrogated.† This was in 1649. A stronger evidence is, that when the Rump demanded of the various public bodies, a pledge of simple acquiescence in the Commonwealth, even as late as 1650, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, met in London, joined with the two Universities in openly voting to refuse such pledge.‡ During the usurpation of Cromwell, the Presbyterian leaders, like the Royalists, remained in retirement, in stubborn, but silent opposition.—Another proof of our position is found in the action of Scotland, where Presbyterianism in its purity was prevalent in all counsels. Just so soon as the Independents had murdered Charles I. the Scotch transferred their allegiance, without a moment's hesitation, to Charles II., sent their commissioners to him at The Hague, brought him to Scotland, crowned him at Scone; and although he was personally, intensely unpopular, with a noble fidelity to the maxim, "Principles, rather than men," poured out their best blood in defence of his throne, at Dunbar and Worcester. And thenceforward, the usurper was constrained to hold them down, during his whole reign, by martial law, to prevent their loyalty from asserting itself. Rapin Thoyras,* while giving a luminous account of the party interests, which, as he supposes, prompted the stubborn enmity of the English Presbyterians to the Independents, exhausts his judicial acumen, and professes himself unable to assign a satisfactory solution for that of the Scots. He might have found it easily, in this simple view: they were determined and honest monarchists. Once more: the Parliament which reassembled after the death of Cromwell, under the auspices of Monck, was the Long Parliament; and in this the Presbyterians were again predominant.† They proceeded at once to exercise their power for assembling of a new one, which, as they intended, voted the unconditional restoration of the king. Now, in the face of all these facts, the charge that the Presbyterians were secret enemies of limited monarchy, and only resisted the Commonwealth because its powers were not in their own hands, must appear to every reflecting person most absurd and unjust.

In 1643, the Presbyterians had risen to a legitimate predominance in the Parliament. This power they held until 1648, when it was forcibly wrested from them by the Independents, through means of —

† M. Guizot, République D'Angleterre, Vol. i. p. 9–11.

‡ Reliquiae Baxterianae, P. i. p. 64.

* Vol. xii. p. 490.

† Hume, Ch. 62. "The kingdom was almost entirely in the hands of the former party," the Presbyterians.

the army. These five years, therefore, form the season, during which they may be justly held responsible for the direction of affairs; and by its events they should be tried. That they employed force to resist the aggressions of violence upon the liberties of the kingdom : that, taught by a bitter experience of royal treacheries and persecutions, they demanded of Charles special guarantees for those liberties, every friend of free government will concur with us in regarding, as justifiable. But the broader errors and crimes of their party, if we pass by minuter transactions, may be said to be the following. They knew perfectly well that the great mass of Englishmen were unalterably attached to the legitimate government of the country, by Kings, Lords, and Commons; and that the majority of them were equally attached to the Anglican Establishment. But having skillfully used their party strength, to bring the King to concede constitutional guarantees, they committed these grave errors. They delayed the legitimate repose which the country so much needed, in order to manœuvre and manage it into an adoption of Presbytery: which was not the religion of the majority of Englishmen. To gain this darling and unjust end, all their great faults were committed. For this, they violated the constitution for which they professed to be fighting, by inordinately prolonging the existence of the Parliament. For, they knew that a general election would not place them in the majority. In issuing special writs of election to fill vacancies, they acted with partial injustice. Thus, they stamped their movement with the character of faction. It became an illegitimate attempt, to make a minority dominate at once over the majority and the prescriptive forms of the constitution. And last, instead of closing definitively with the Royalist party on a compromise of limited monarchy, they continued, coquetting with, and endeavoring to use the Independents, whom they knew to be thorough disorganizers, and factionists.

But, to do justice to the English Presbyterians, we must remember the great extenuations presented by the errors and faults of the times. They had long been horribly oppressed : they now had power to protect their rights.— The King offered concessions : they had good evidence to convince them that he would not feel his conscience bound by a single pledge, when once he resumed his sceptre. The King and the Anglican party had hitherto, maliciously persisted in confounding them with the sectaries, and under the name of punishing faction, had used the powers of the government only to crush down their legitimate assertion of their rights, by star-chamber sentences. They had good reason to consider a hierarchy as an inevitable engine of despotism. Hence they naturally felt, that should they voluntarily yield to the majority of the nation that power which chance had given them, without securing the final overthrow of the prelacy, it would be nothing better than

the folly of a voluntary laying of their heads in the pillories, and embracing the whipping posts, where they had long suffered such intolerable wrongs. They knew the temper of that majority and of that King and hierarchy, so as to foresee only too well, that the magnanimity of such a surrender of power, and the splendid evidence of their true loyalty to the constitution, which it would present, would all be in vain to gain them the toleration as Presbyterians, to which they were entitled. Is it strange then, that they shrunk from laying down the power which was their only shield? To do so would have required a height of disinterested virtue, to which no political party has ever risen: and to which only the Timoleons and Washingtons among individuals have been competent. These errors of the party were, then, rather the inevitable result of the diseases of the times, than of their own criminality: and the most valuable lesson which the student can learn from them is, that the issues of great national movements are not within the control of the wisdom or virtue of individuals. The English Presbyterians found themselves inexorably shut up, as it were, to their inconsistencies, by the cruelty of the circumstances under which they were compelled to act. And these circumstances were the necessary fruits of theoretical errors and malignant passions, sown in a previous age, and by other hands than theirs. The glory and success of great parties, and the prosperity of nations, are not determined by their own merits, but by the dispensation of that Divine Providence, which rules over the water-floods of popular errors and emotions.—And the practical lesson for us to learn is, the fear of His Name, and the practice towards our fellow-citizens of justice and moderation, in times of peace as well as of disturbance and danger.

It was when the Presbyterian party became dominant, that Milton left them, as has been related. Their condemnation of his treatises of Divorce began the alienation: and it was completed by perceiving that they had no more notion than the Episcopalians, of that wider liberty which he demanded. They never dreamed of dispensing with an established religion; only, it was their religion, which they desired to see established, in place of the Episcopal. They discountenanced "sectaries," although they were far from using the inhuman penalties of Laud against them. They refused full liberty to the press, still requiring the *imprimateur* of the Licenser for the publication of books. But the modern Liberal who would judge the Presbyterians of that age equitably, for these errors, must remember that herein they were but sharing the universal convictions of all leading parties, and of all great and good men of their times. The doctrines of full religious equality and "voluntaryism" for all churches and sects, were not yet invented.—The utmost of which the most liberal dreamed, was, 'toleration,' for such churches, other than the established, as were not judged criminally anti-scriptural. He

who had proposed the full liberty and equality, now guaranteed in the United States, would have been regarded by all parties as extravagant. And certainly the Independents, when they had supreme power, did not surrender the doctrine, either of church-establishments, or of persecution, in old England, nor in New England.

They steadily opposed the vain vision of an English Republic.—But the Independents now found it to their interest to emerge from their latent attitude; and they held out the hopes of these privileges. Milton therefore transferred the allegiance of his whole soul to them; and undoubtedly, he was thoroughly honest in his advocacy of their cause. But his was just the error of those great and visionary minds, (the more dangerous by reason of their greatness,) who desire practically to apportion human rights according to an *a priori* theory, instead of the lights of the history and precedents of their own people.—"This sublime and severe genius who, in youth, had resisted his parents and teachers to devote himself wholly to poesy and letters, was smitten with an ardent passion for liberty; not for that true and practical liberty, which results from the respecting of all rights, and of the rights of all: but for liberty absolute and ideal, religious, political, domestic; and on this subject his powerful mind fed itself with vigorous ideas, lofty sentiments, grand images, and eloquent verbiage, without troubling itself to learn whether the positive facts around him, or even his own actions, corresponded to his principles and his hopes."*

These words of a great practical statesman suggest the chief truth to be learned from Milton's public career. Man's true political wisdom is only learned from experience. This is the only source from which any safe light is projected forward upon the future working of untried institutions. A good government cannot be the invention of original sagacity in any man; but must be the growth of events, under the hand of Divine Providence. The workings of the human heart, and the relations of human society, are infinitely diversified.—To foresee and meet, by original speculation, all the results which will be evolved by the contact of any set of institutions or principles with these diversified relations, is the attribute of omniscience, and not of human wisdom. There is still much of this folly among our would-be wise men: who seem to think that institutions can be invented, which will run of themselves, like some improved locomotive carriage; forgetting that their machine must meet, in its course, diversities of positions, obstacles, and relations, of which they can foresee nothing. We have no respect for your constitution-makers, who, like the Abbé Sieyes, keep a shop full of constitutions, which they can furnish to customers at order. The only safe and successful progress made in human institutions, has been under the guidance of history. The spirit of English re-

*M. Guizot, République D'Angleterre, vol. i. p. 29.

form has been eminently historical. The same character marked the measures of the wise fathers of our nation. They took their lessons from the past, and from facts. The liberty and rights for which they contended, were the prescriptive rights of British freemen. Even in passing from monarchy to republicanism, the Washingtons and Masons, Rutledges and Pinckneys removed nothing which was not incompatible, and built their new commonwealths upon the historical foundations furnished them by the growth of the colonies, and established in the national associations and habits of their people. But we have an illustration of the other, and more ambitious wisdom, and its hateful results, in the policy of the fantastical theorists to whom Milton gave his adhesion. It was nothing to them, that Britons had been governed for six hundred years under Kings, Lords and Commons: that every arrangement and distribution of the body politic was firmly accommodated to this order: that the tenure of property, the administration of justice, the national worship, were all based upon it: that every association familiar and dear to the national heart was intertwined with it: that every established interest was concerned in it: and above all, that nine-tenths of living Englishmen, right or wrong, were naturally persuaded that their old government was best for them, and determined to have no other. To these enthusiasts, a republic was the *beau-ideal:* and therefore, a republic England must be. But in justice to Milton, it must be said, that his support of the republic was doubtless honest. While he held office under it, his hands were pure from the plunder with which those of his party were so foul. He was magnanimous and forbearing towards adversaries, except as he excoriated them with the lash of sarcasm. His writings contained advice addressed to the Lord Protector, in favor of equity and moderation, couched in the noblest terms. But he was implicated neither in the confidence nor in the crimes of the government.—Another Latin Secretary from the Council of State was placed beside him: and he was entrusted with no secrets. His functions were, in fact, little more than those of a translating Clerk.—When one of his literary friends in Holland, Peter Heimbach, wrote, asking him to secure him a favorable introduction to the English Envoy about to proceed to that country, Milton replied, that he was not in the way of procuring official favors, that he had no relations with the dispensers of them, and that he was not sorry for it.* And when his party fell, he shared its fate with a grand consistency and courage, worthy of an ancient philosopher.

The success of the Independent party, in wresting the supreme power from both its stronger rivals, has usually been represented as a surprising proof of the genius of Cromwell. But it is also an instance of a fact which has recurred so uniformly in revolutionary movements, that it suggests a regular law of causa-

* M. Guizot, Vol. ii. p. 164.

tion. This is, that in violent revolutions, the most extreme party becomes supreme over all the more prudent and rational. Thus, in the later Roman commonwealth, it was the most popular party, espoused by *C. Julius Cæsar*, which finally triumphed over the old aristocracy headed by *M. Cato*, and the more moderate senatorial party of *Cicero* and *Pompey*. And then the faction of the populace ripened, under Octavius Cæsar, into that despotism which seems to be the natural development of radical democracy. In the French revolution, it was the Mountain, or extreme left, which overpowered first, the court party, then the limited monarchists represented by M. Mirabeau, then the Girondists; and having installed Jacobinism in power, at once proceeded to transmute it into the frightful tyranny of the Committee of Public Safety, and the Directory. So in England: the party of absolutism first sunk before the advocates of limited monarchy, and then, they in turn, before the Independents. Some of the causes of this uniform result are obvious: others of them may be difficult to divine. At such times, popular passions become embittered, and naturally find extreme measures most congenial. The spirit of innovation is contagious, and men who have departed in important respects from the established order, grow impatient for farther experiment. That hardy, daring, and determined temper, which is often found associated with extreme theory, finds, in the revolutionary scene, its appropriate *stimulus* and *arena*. Above all, the accursed lust for revenge, power, and plunder, in the hearts of able and wicked men, now scents its opportunity; and naturally finds its tools in the fanatical extremists: because the farther the work of demolition and social disorder proceeds, the better field it has for pursuing its prey. It would seem then, that it is the fate of revolutionary movements to be usurped by the ultraists of the time; to witness the perversion by them of every wholesome reform; to see them reënact all the crimes which had been charged upon the governments which were overthrown; and at last to have, in their mischievous career, a demonstration of their incompetency for rule, and of madness of their dogmas so bitterly convincing, as to cure the nation for a season of its follies, and reconcile it to moderate and rational principles. Such was certainly the career of the Independent party in England. When they were themselves persecuted, they loudly proclaimed the doctrine of religious liberty: when they obtained power, they continued the laws against the Romanists, in their sternest forms, and extended their intolerance to the Episcopalians; thus denying the much lauded right to more than half the English nation. Cromwell has been praised for his tolerance, of which he doubtless possessed more than his party. In June, 1654, a poor Catholic priest named Southwold, who, thirty-seven years before, had been proscribed and banished as such, ventured to return to England. He was ar-

rested in his bed, sent to London, tried, condemned, and hung, notwithstanding the intercession of the foreign envoys.* After persistently hunting the most of the Episcopal clergy from their benefices, Cromwell published an edict (thus it might be justly called) forbidding their employment as chaplains and teachers in the private families of gentlemen.† By this act, not only was the last resource against starvation closed against these clergymen; but an interference with parental right and domestic liberty was attempted, almost incredible in that country, whose proud boast it had been that each citizen's dwelling was his castle. When the truly venerable Archbishop Usher remonstrated against it, Cromwell replied that his party insisted on it: but it must be said that the Lord Protector, less vindictive than his faction, did not trouble himself much about its execution.

The Independents had loudly demanded the liberty of the press; and Milton, in his lofty discourse, the *Areopagitica* had declared, that the suppression of an author's book was the murder of the noblest essence of his being. Well: no sooner were they installed in power, than the rumored appearance of the *Eikon Basilike* presented a splendid opportunity to show their faith by their works. But so far from willingly tolerating its circulation, they did their utmost to suppress it;* and it was by a surreptitious publication, that forty-eight thousand copies were sold in England in one year: an astonishing proof, at that day, of the power and prevalence of royalist sentiments. The Rump Parliament proceeded also to suppress with rigid severity, the publication of their own debates, and of the proceedings of their High Courts for the trial of State offenders: They prosecuted the erratic Lilburn, chief of the Levellers, under the charge of high treason, for printing his pamphlets, in which he only carried their own doctrines to their legitimate corollaries; and they endeavored to frighten the jury into his judicial murder, by arts of intimidation worthy of a Jeffreys.† An act was passed exalting the utterance in print of mere words into a capital treason: another act made not only the authors, printers, and sellers of books which they were pleased to regard as seditious, but the readers, liable to penalty: all printing was positively prohibited save at four places, London, York, and the two Universities: and, the street venders of ballads even, were suppressed, under pain of public whipping.‖

*M. Guizot, République D'Angleterre, Vol. II. p. 149.

† Thurrloe, State Papers, Vol. II. p: 406.

* M. Guizot, Rep. D'Angl. Vol. 1. p. 28.

† M. Guizot. Vol. 1. p. 64.

‖ M. Guizot. Vol. 1. p. 64.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTERNOON.

You say the years have sadder grown,
  Beneath their weight of care and duty,—
That all the festive grace has flown
  That wreathed and crowned their earlier beauty.

You tell me Hope no more can daze
  Your vision with her bland delusions;
Nor Fancy, versed in subtle ways,
  Seduce you to her gay conclusions.

The rapturous throb—the bound—the flush,
  That made all life one strong sensation,—
Grow quiet now, beneath the hush
  Of time's profounder revelation.

You have it still,—the inviolate past,
  So pure, so free from gloss or glitter:
The wine runs fragrant to the last,—
  No dregs to dash its beads with bitter.

Vixi:—thus looking back, you write;
  The best that life can give, you've tasted;
And drop by drop, translucent, bright,
  You've sipped and drained,—not one is wasted.

'Tis not in retrospect your eye
  Alone sees path-ways pranked with flowers;
You knew the while the hours flew by,
  They were supremely blissful hours.

The sun slopes slowly westering still,
  Behind you now your shadow lengthens;
And in the vale beneath the hill,
  The evening's growing purple strengthens.

The morning mists that swam your eye,
  Made large and luminous life's ideal:
Now,—cut against your clearer sky,
  You comprehend the true,—the real.

Life still has joys that do not pall,
  Love still has hours serene and tender:

—'Tis afternoon, dear . . . that is all!
And this is afternoon's calm splendor.

God grant your cloudless orb may run
Long, golden cycles ere we sever;
Or like the Northern midnight sun,
Circle with light my heart forever!

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

In strong contrast was the chamber of another girl less old than this fair young sleeper; a girl whose slight and attenuated frame was alternately tossing in the fever of delirium, or stilled into a heavy stupor as she lay with burning eyes staring vacantly at the wall.

Kind friends watched over her, and loving and skillful hands were laid on her hot and throbbing temples, but she was unconscious of every thing except the pain, which seemed to rack her childish figure beyond endurance. Occasionally a low moan, apparently wrung from her heart, would force itself from her fevered lips, and such stray fragments of words and sentences as "gone," "lost" —"gone—never—see—any more," would fall upon the ears of the anxious watchers, while the young speaker would clasp her hands and almost throw herself from the bed in her frantic grief. All through the long winter evening she had lain thus, and as the night wore on, Mrs. Esten, the gentle Mistress of Broadfields, bent over the only child of her dead sister with a shuddering fear that the hours of her young life might be rapidly drawing to their end.

The coming to Broadfields of Camille, or the poor wreck of her, who bore that name, had been as sudden and unlooked-for as the thunderbolt, which crashes through the sunny stillness of a summer morning.

Summoned by the bell, old Gabriel, the butler, had opened the door to find on its threshold a shrinking figure, which, in scarcely intelligible terms, asked to see Mrs. Esten. Had it not been the invariable rule of the household of Broadfields that no applicant should be turned from its ever hospitable doors, the old negro might have been tempted to close them upon a creature, who seemed so strangely out of place, in the portico of that splendid mansion.

As it was, he ushered her into the passage, and drawing a chair, for she seemed too weak to stand, he saw her seated in it, and went off to summon his mistress.

Ever alive to the call of duty, or

*Continued from page 61.

service of the suffering, that stately lady laid aside the devotional volume she was reading, and receiving the soft, fleecy shawl which a young negro girl, who stood near her chair busily engaged in knitting, respectfully wrapped around her shoulders, she followed Gabriel to the passage.

The object of her intended good offices was crouched in the chair just as the old man had left her. When Mrs. Esten came near her, she made a violent effort to rise and go forward to meet her; but the exertion was too great for her feebleness, and sinking down on the floor, she held out a pair of thin hands, sobbing out in a choked voice, "Oh! Aunt Mary, I am dying!—I am Camille."

The hands relaxed, her head dropped, and she lay so rigid and still that Mrs. Esten bent down over her with the agonizing fear that she had found her darling only to lose her forever.

To summon the woman who had taken charge of the girl from her birth until she left for Louisiana, and with her assistance and that of Gabriel, who had carried her many a time in his arms during her bright babyhood, to remove her was the work of a few moments. Long before the family physician, for whom the carriage was at once sent off, could reach Broadfields, Camille had received every attention that affection could dictate, and lay living, but all unconscious, in the luxurious chamber prepared for her.

Her aunt who felt her trouble and responsibility with double force from the fact that owing to the temporary absence of her husband, she was forced to bear them alone, sat by her trying by a hundred sweet and soothing attentions to rouse and comfort her.

The anxiety of Mrs. Esten to know the cause of such a miracle as the appearance of Camille alone and in such miserable plight, in Virginia, when, in accordance with letters received from New Orleans, she should have been under the protection of her husband, and on her way to France, was intense, but she held it in check, and forbore by even a word, to increase the suffering of her beloved and so suddenly restored niece.

Good old Dr. Mason, who had known Camille's mother in her girlhood, and attended her on her early death-bed, looked ominously grave as he listened to Mrs. Esten's account of the girl's coming and condition. Then walking to the bed on which she lay as white as the pillow under her head, he made a minute examination of the case.

His verdict was an attack of brain fever in its worst form, the product of some excessive mental exertion, culminated by fatigue and unusual exposure; then administering the remedies he thought necessary, he took his seat by the bed, and declared his intention of sharing Mrs. Esten's watch through the night. Greatly did the poor girl require care and attention, for from the moment when stung by the coldness of her husband, and wrought up to agony by the knowledge that he did not love her, she had devised the wild expedient of leaving him, her existence had been one of fevered and miserable suffering.

As soon as Loui left her alone on the steamer, she went to her state-room, and remaining there just long enough to write a line to him, she wrapped a thick veil over her face, and gliding along the crowded deck of the boat, easily made her way to the shore without attracting any observation.

As she stood trembling and confused by the babel of sounds around her, she was accosted by an old negro hackman, who asked respectfully if she would have a carriage. Only too thankful to escape before her husband, whose coming she momentarily expected, should arrive, she followed the driver to the hack, sprang in, and in reply to his question "Where to, Miss?" replied, hurriedly, "nowhere—anywhere—I wish to go to Virginia."

"Den I muss take you to the Norfrem train, and it'll be a sharp work to ketch it" was the reply, and lashing his bony horses, the old man incited them to a vigorous gallop.

Thanks to his exertions, he reached the train in plenty of time, and then, either attracted by the refinement of the girl's manner, for the negro is a true aristocrat, and possesses a subtle intuition as to the grades of rank, or struck by her forlorn condition, he volunteered to go to the office and purchase her ticket.

She drew out the little play thing of a porte-monnaie which contained all her worldly wealth, consisting of some few gold pieces which her aunt had given her years before, and handing it to her sable friend, asked him to buy a through ticket to Richmond.

In a short time he returned with a woebegone countenance, holding in one hand the open pocket-book now completely empty.

"Missus" he said "I'se done paid out all de change, and it wo'nt take you no furder dan dis place marked on de ticket, and my fare ai'nt nowhere!"

"Oh! I am so sorry—it is all I have! Here, Uncle, take this breast-pin, if it will pay you," and she unfastened a small gold brooch set in pearls, from her slender throat.

"Thank 'ee, Missus—dat 'll do. My ole woman will be monsus proud! Ai'nt you got no baggage, Missus?"

"No, Uncle!" was the sad reply, as a sickening feeling of the full loneliness of her condition rushed over the girl's mind. She crushed it as it came, for smarting with the sense of her injuries, she was resolute in her determination to avenge them in the only manner, which seemed feasible, and bracing herself in the strength of her pride, she stood defiant and almost sublime in her powerful exercise of an indomitable will.

Bidding good bye to the old negro, she left him with the forlorn feeling that she had parted with her last friend, and entering the cars, took her seat.

How the day passed by, she did not know; at first the novelty of her position, the intense excitement under which her nerves were strung up to their highest tension, and the determination to carry her undertaking to its end,

supported her and lent her a fictitious strength.

As evening advanced, reäction came on, and under the full weight of her mental and physical misery, she began to sink rapidly, and placing her head on the rail of the seat, she lay in a sort of stupor, whose only consciousness was intense suffering. She was roused by a touch on her shoulder, and looking wearily up, she saw a Conductor, who had paid her several acts of attention since they left New Orleans, standing by her.

"Change cars, Miss!" he said, "and you must be quick, or you'll miss the other train." She drew her shawl round her, and rising tried to walk, but tottered so, that had it not been for the kindness of the Conductor, she would have fallen. He supported her out of the car until revived by the cool, fresh air, she was able to walk alone.

On their way to the other train, she and her guide were obliged to pass a table in the depot, on which coffee and plain refreshments were displayed, and the girl who had not tasted food since the previous day, quickened her steps, lest in the frantic craving for food, which came over her, she should lose all command of herself.

Her humble and unknown friend seated her carefully, and then vanished without one word of farewell.

In a few moments, he appeared outside of the window and clambering up on the car as well as his stoutness, and the nature of the place admitted, he pushed a good sized parcel, wrapped in paper, through the window, and said heartily:

"I'm an old man, Miss, with a daughter pretty nigh your size, and seeing you had left your basket, and knowing the ways of young ladies, I made bold to offer you a lunch. Take care of" —— her thanks, or refusal, and the rest of his sentence were cut short by a snort from the engine, which gave such a jar to the train, that the kindly Conductor, dropped from his insecure perch and came in a fat heap to the floor of the depot.

"I've seen many a rum customer in the twenty years I've been a Conductor," he said, as he picked himself up and stood talking to one of the car hands, who was gazing after the retreating train, "but I never did see a queerer case than that one! She's a lady that's sure, but she ai'nt got any baggage, and she ai'nt got any funds, for I saw her turn her bit of a pocket-book in and out and shake it. And the way she did look at them eatables was enough to make a man feel sick! So young too—she ai'nt as old as my Lizzie, poor child!"

The object of his remarks was in the full enjoyment of his kindness, and after making a hearty meal of the substantial fare, so considerately supplied, her accession of strength was so great that she felt equal to any amount of exertion.

She had need for it all to enable her to get through even the wearisome days, which must elapse before she could reach the station

next to Raleigh, and to which her ticket extended.

What she should do when that point was reached, and she would be unable either to proceed or to stop, she did not know, nor did she care, for in the feeling of desperation which the thought produced, she clasped her hands over her throbbing forehead, and muttered drearily: "What does it matter?—I can die!"

While seated in the cars at Raleigh waiting for them to start Northward, she was attracted by the sight of a stylish carriage which dashed up, and stopped opposite the window on whose sill her head lay. In it sat a lady, whose delicate beauty was enhanced by an air of aristocratic elegance, which would have befitted a queen, and which gave her that unmistakable stamp of high birth, which is so well described by the word "thoroughbred." By her side was an elderly gentleman with the same regally refined appearance, and in addition to it, an expression of gentle and benignant kindliness, which affected the heart as sunlight does vegetation.

He took a tenderly affectionate leave of the stately lady, clasped both of her hands in his, and for an instant, seemed like one who pronounces an inspired benediction, then leaving her, he entered the cars and took a seat near Camille. She threw a timid, careless look towards him, and in his noble face there beamed a something so pure and paternal that a vision of her dead father came before her, and for the first time since she left her husband, the girl felt a great sob at her heart, and her proud young eyes filled up with tears.

The gentleman glanced in the direction in which she sat, and meeting the full gaze of those imploring, tearful eyes, had his attention at once aroused; though with the politeness of a true gentleman, he gave no direct manifestation of the fact. He continued to keep a careful, though seemingly unobservant, watch on the girl, and soon gathered sufficient evidence to warrant the conviction that she was friendless, and in need of protection.

Taking the vacant seat by her, he opened the pages of a magazine, and addressing her in a tone whose fatherly kindness will never be forgotten by those who have been so fortunate as to hear it, he made some remark upon an engraving, which represented the luxuriant scenery of a portion of the Mississippi river.

"The picture is pretty," she said, in reply to his remark, "but not half so pretty as the place itself!"

"Do you know it?" he asked quickly. "Oh! yes, sir," she replied, raising her great eyes to his face, "it is near my home in Louisiana, Belle Espérance." "Belle Espérance your home? Then you must be a La Fronde! If so, my child, I have a double claim on your acquaintance. All the children of the Church in Louisiana belong to me, and I knew both the late Messrs. La Fronde; I baptized Loui the son of the elder gentleman, your cousin, if I mistake not, do you know him?"

"Yes sir," she said, so faintly that her answer was almost inaudible, then added, "but who are you?"

He took her little trembling hand, for she seemed as if she was about to faint, and in the tone one uses in dealing with a sick child, he told his name.

A noble name at all times, and one about which unnumbered blessings have clustered; destined in the course of a few turning years to grow so great, that fame should make it a household word in all the length and breadth of the land, and then, in the full exercise of its usefulness and glory, to be translated to heaven, and written in letters of living flame in the Lamb's book of life!

To the heart-sick girl at his side, he seemed like someguardian angel, whom heaven had sent in her extreme need, and under the influence of his sacred office and kindly paternal manner, she was won to a confidence as full as it was earnestly given.

He looked very grave as she told of her abandonment of her husband, but seeing that the poor child was sinking under her physical and mental sufferings, he considerately forebore to add to them by any animadversions on her conduct.

"My child," he said, "you are too young, and at present, too ill to act for yourself. You must let me act for you and obey me as if I were your father. I know your relations in Louisiana personally, and those in Virginia by reputation, and I shall act in their behalf. Besides you are a baptized member of our Mother, the Church, and as such are my especial care as a lamb of Christ's fold.

"Now be a good girl, stop thinking, and give that tired little head some rest. From the way in which the train is creeping, we will not reach Richmond until tomorrow morning. Go to sleep; I will make you a pillow of my shawl, and wake you when you get to Richmond, I stop there, so I can place you on the James River Boat which will take you direct to the landing next to your uncle's residence."

"I will try to do as you tell me, sir," she said, humbly, "but I fear I cannot sleep; my eye-balls burn so badly that I cannot keep the lids down on them."

"I think we can seal them, and manage to secure sleep, notwithstanding the burning." he said, pleasantly. "Take this; it is not very bad!"

She swallowed submissively, the drops he had counted from a tiny vial, which he took from his pocket, closed her eyes, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

Next day when they reached Richmond and her friend woke her, it was some moments before Camille could collect herself sufficiently to realize her position, or even know where she was. Conducting her to a hack, her kind protector took her to the James River steamboat, and placing her under the special care of its captain, bade her farewell.

"I will write to you as soon as I reach home, and when you are equal to the effort, you must let me hear from you. And take this as my parting admonition, and

make it the guiding rule of your life: never engage in any plan of action upon which you cannot ask God's blessing. Farewell, my child," and he laid his hands upon her drooping head, "God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve and keep thee. The Lord be gracious unto thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore!"

She caught the sacred hands as they were removed from her head, and imprinted a kiss upon them, then raising her eyes all full of tears, with one eloquent look she gave the thanks which her sobs would not permit her to speak.

Weak, and still drowsy from the effects of the anodyne she had taken, Camille willingly took the advice of the polite stewardess, and lay down until the boat should reach the landing, which was about three miles from Broadfields.

Arriving there in the early afternoon, she was escorted by the captain to the shanty upon the wharf, which afforded a nominal shelter for such as might be obliged to wait the coming and going of the boat. The man in attendance assured her that the hack, which ran regularly from the landing, was then due and must soon arrive, and she sat shivering down to await it. It was so long in coming, and she was so utterly wretched in the feeling of miserable unrest which a fever now raging upon her, produced, that she formed the desperate resolution of walking to her uncle's house.

Obtaining some general directions as to her route, she set out, and before she had gone very far, the storm which had been impending all day, came down in its wintry fury. On she toiled in her misery, upheld by her inordinate strength of will, and protected by that Hand which shields the lily from the blast, until she was met by the Professor, who so gently guided her to Broadfields, and then at her frantic entreaty left her there alone.

Drearily passed the night to Mrs. Esten and Dr. Mason as they kept their anxious watch over the girl's bed. Her old nurse sat at the foot, moaning occasionally, and muttering disjointed sentences to herself, while in one hand she held the two cold little feet of her nursling, and rubbed them gently with the other, in her efforts to restore their almost suspended animation.

Suddenly, Dr. Mason, who had been looking fixedly in Camille's face, rose and bent over her, while with fingers pressed tightly on her wrist, he tried to count its scarcely perceptible pulsations.

"Missus," said the old nurse, "pears to me de chile's feet is too cold to be nat'ral, and, bless the Marster, dere's old Banshee a yelping! dat hound ain't howled dat way sence de night Miss Lucy died, and she ain't a howling fur nothing!"

Her mistress had risen, and with a face as white as the cap she wore, stood with hands crossed on her bosom, rigid in prayer.

A grey, ashen shadow fell over the little face looking so childish in the great masses of hair which had been loosened by the tossings of delirium; a light spasm quiv-

ered across the thin, delicate features, and then passed off and left them motionless. The physician laid his ear close to her mouth for an instant, and then opened her night-dress and laid his hand upon her heart.

"Give me a mirror," he said, "Quick! quick!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOSEIN.

I.

The Caliph Yezid heard the news and bade his couriers fly,
The Emir Obeid-Allah tell forthwith to Cufa hie
To seize the castle and the town, and strike with sword and brand
Till every vestige hath been swept of Hosein's daring band,
That this Mahomet's bold grand-son must speedily be crushed,
That all who dared to breathe his name should by the sword be hushed.
Then Obeid-Allah quickly came, sent Shamar and Amar
And told them spare nor old nor young but bloody make the war.

II.

Hosein, the last of Ali's sons, on Cufa's gory plain
Was quickly pent up with his band—last of a mighty train—
A remnant of those gallant men who, weary, worn and faint,
Had fallen round him, one by one, yet breathed not one complaint;
For as the Prophet's standard waved, the cry was heard from all:
"If so it is great Allah's will, we will united fall;
Let the usurper gain the day, we'll let his minions know
We die to save the noblest *Cause* for which our blood can flow."

III.

Then Shamar pressed upon the left and Amar on the right,
As though their myrmidons would crush brave Hosein with their might;
But that devoted little band fought on and wavered not,
And as they fell they still cried out, "Be not our Cause forgot,
For if they listen not on earth in Heaven we will be heard,
Live with your rights, or die for them, and murmur not a word;
For e'en should every soldier fall their blood will be the seed
From which our Cause will bloom again and finally succeed!"

IV.

At last an arrow pierced the heart of Hosein's little son,
And when the father's wild despair beheld the life-tide run
He caught it madly in his palm, then threw it toward the sky
And called for vengeance, solemnly, for vengeance from on High

When lo! his little nephew fell, pierced by an arrow's dart;
Then Hosein bowed his head and said, "Break, break my aching heart!
O! Allah, pardon my despair, more grief put on me still,
I place my Cause and Faith in Thee and bow me to Thy will."

V.

They fell, those gallant few—they fell!—but did not fall in vain!
They gave their lives up for a Cause, that could not thus be slain.
Though o'er twelve hundred years have passed, the Cause of Hosein lives,
And to the land of Persia still, the same faith now it gives;
While Yezid's line has passed away and mouldered into dust,
The sword, too, that did strike the Cause, has crumbled into rust:
Yet still the star of Hosein shines as bright as it did then,
For when *Fanaticism* dies *Justice* will rise again!

VI.

Though Yezid lived so long ago, more Yezids still remain,
And though their passions rule their hour, their labor is in vain;
Success may seem to crown their work and crush the noble few,
But still a Cause, baptized in blood, will live and conquer, too;
For men its blessings ne'er can prize, until they've felt the rod,
Though they may suffer, still they'll win if they place faith in God,
For every battle for the right, lost when 'twas nobly fought,
The *Cause* was won in after days—in God's good time 'twas wrought.

MEMPHIS, TENN., 1867.

DOWN INTO DEVONSHIRE.*

Upon the front of one of the houses facing the sea, and removed from it by a narrow space of ground, known as *the Fortfield*, the stranger sees with some astonishment the double-necked eagle of Russia heraldically displayed. The amiable author of the Guide Book gives the explanation of this imperial device with a minuteness of particularity that might befit the most imposing event of modern times. "At three in the morning of Tuesday the eleventh of December," (1688) writes Lord Macauley in recording the flight of James the Second, the King rose, etc., etc., etc.—"On Friday, the 24th of June, 1831, in six carriages and four," says our Sidmouth chronicler, "at half-past seven in the evening, (as I see by my diary) the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia, wife of Michael, brother to the then Emperor, arrived for a three months' sojourn at Sidmouth, and took up her residence at No. 8, Fortfield Terrace." The courier of St. Petersburg has excited the childish admiration of many of us in the circus by riding four fiery steeds at one and the same time, but his

* Continued from page 16.

illustrious country-woman, the Grand Duchess Helen, entering Sidmouth "in six carriages and four," was certainly a far more wonderful sight. The Countess Nesselrode, who was one of the attendants of the Grand Duchess, was, it seems, not altogether equal to the proper management of *one* animal, for riding out one day on a mare, which she had stooped from her dizzy social eminence to hire from a Sidmouth livery stable, the mare shied and threw her Lady-ship, and, by some strange perversion of the Sidmouth people, was ennobled for her bad conduct, and went afterwards, as long as she lived, by the name of "The Countess."—These and other incidents of the Grand Duchess's sojourn—levees and salutes and boatings—are narrated with delightful naïveté and the chapter closes with the fact that "at seven o'clock in the morning, of Wednesday, the 24th of August, 1831" (here the record follows very closely the hegira of James) the farewell guns were fired which announced the Duchess's departure. The light shed by this *étoile du Nord* upon the little Devonshire town lingered long around No. 8, Fortfield Terrace, and all through the Crimean war the double-necked eagle kept his place where he still remains, having never moulted a feather.

Not far off from the Fortfield is Wolbrook Glen, where lived for some time, and where died the Duke of Kent, father of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Upon his arrival in the town, he was waited upon by some of the principal inhabitants desirious of paying proper respect to a member of the Royal Family, and one of the visitors expressed the hope "that his Lordship and Mrs. Kent were well," a story which our guide, philosopher and friend fears is "too good to be true." About another story connected with the Duke's residence in Sidmouth, there is less doubt, and the incident is important because, had it terminated otherwise than it did, it might have affected the happiness of millions and the destinies of empire. The infant Princess lay asleep near a window of the nursery one day when some idle boys, who had been shooting sparrows in a field adjacent to the house, fired a random shot which broke the panes and entered the opposite wall of the apartment, passing directly over the Princess' head. In this child were centered the hopes of England. Our guide, however, does not dwell upon the incident, but goes on to tell us of a conversation he held "on the 23rd of March, 1864," with a retired and venerable hairdresser of Sidmouth concerning the last shaving operation the Duke ever underwent, which was performed two days before his death, and for which, in consequence of the confusion caused by this sad occurrence, the hair-dresser never applied to be paid*

* It is a little remarkable that since her elevation to the throne Her Majesty should never have once visited the scene of her infancy, and the house in which, as an infant Princess she made so narrow an escape. Very lately she has erected in the parish church of Sidmouth a beautiful memorial window to her father, and it is to be regretted that she did not make this the occasion of a Royal visit to the town, as it would have afforded the author of the Guide Book the opportunity of bringing out a new edition of his work, with all the incidents attending so majestic a journey.

The peak on the eastern side of the town, which is known as "Salcombe Hill," rises directly above the channel to the height of 497 feet, and from it on a clear day, points along the coast may be discerned at a distance of twenty miles. In making the ascent, the pedestrian passes directly by a tall flag-staff which has been erected by a grateful Sidmouth in compliment to a former citizen of the town, one Mr. Fish, whose greatest benefaction would appear to have been that for a period of more than thirty years, he threw open to the public, on Monday afternoons, his beautiful grounds and his yet more attractive house, which was a museum of rare and costly articles, gems, pictures, cabinets, carvings, enamels, that visitors never tired of examining.—This amiable virtuoso, who must be considered a rather "queer Fish," was said to have sprung from a very humble origin, and one day overhearing some very ill-bred person, a Monday lounger through his establishment, refer to this fact in terms that were by no means complimentary, he became misanthropic and determined to shut up his mansion forever afterwards.* He lived for some years all alone with his intaglios and china, seeing nobody, while Sidmouth as a watering-place was being eclipsed by its neighbor Torquay, among other reasons, perhaps, because the Monday afternoons had lost their charm in losing their *virtu;* and then went to London, where he died a few years ago, leaving "Knowle Cottage" and its contents to a worthy solicitor who makes it only an occasional place of residence.

A drive of seven miles by the highway, or a walk of a shorter distance across the hills, takes one from Sidmouth to a very pleasing and drowsy little hamlet called Ottery St. Mary. One does not see it until one comes directly upon it, and we might fancy it to escape visitation in a cavalry raid through Devonshire, should such a thing ever occur, by reason of its not being observed. It lies at the head of the valley of the Otter, a stream about equal in length and volume to the Sid, and is surrounded by rising ground which in one direction reaches a considerable elevation and commands a view, a far away and hazy view, of the twin towers of Exeter Cathedral. The one hundred and twenty houses, be the same more or less, with their curtelages and appurtenances, which make up Ottery, and the fine old church which gives it the additional name of St. Mary were, during the year 1645, alternately in the possession of the King and the Parliament, and the Puritan forces of Sir Thomas Fairfax remained here for some little time, probably for repose for which the place would seem favorable. The trade of the town did not strike me as being very considerable, and seemed to con-

*Mr. Fish had not the pride of birth that belonged to the late eminent Lord St. Leonards. When this nobleman, long distinguished as Sir Edward Sugden, and made Lord High Chancellor for his great legal learning and ability, was created a peer, it became necessary for him to assume a coat of arms, and upon being asked by the Herald for his armorial bearings, he said, "my father was a hairdresser, let me have three women's heads of hair," and these were accordingly placed on the St. Leonards escutcheon.

sist chiefly in little white china mugs, on which was baked a tolerable picture of the church, and in photographs of the same, of all sizes, and representing the edifice as seen from every possible direction; and the only real importance of Ottery, so far as I could judge, lay in its furnishing a ready rhyme to its pottery for another edition of the child's "Book of nonsense."

The Church of St. Mary has been recently restored in the most glowing style of chromo-embellishment, and internally it is as rich as externally it is picturesque. The floor is of Minton tiling, and the groined work of the roof is in gilding and colors, and the windows are of exquisitely painted glass, and there is a Lady Chapel as beautiful as any revivalist of Mariolatry could desire, and a baptismal font sculptured in high relief stands in one of its aisles. If the Parliamentary soldiers had found it in this condition of decoration they would have entered *con amore* upon the business of its defacement, but most probably its interior was never so profusely ornamented as at the present day. Its irregular walls and towers have undergone little change, perhaps, for centuries, and doubtless looked just as venerable as they now do when they reflected the glare of the beacon-fires which flamed from the heights above Sidmouth to give warning of the Spanish Armada.

It was not the decoration of the Church within, executed, as this had been, in strict accordance with ecclesiological requirement, that most interested me in walking through it, but rather the mural tablets to the memory of the dead of many generations.—Among the more modern memorials was one to the family of Coleridge, inscribed with the names of the father and mother of the poet, and of their ten children, including that of the great Samuel Taylor himself, though he lies buried at Highgate. A very quaint old epitaph in verse records the early death of a young lady of rare personal charms and accomplishments who was snatched away almost in the very hour of her espousals, two hundred and fifty years ago—a sorrowful fate that Time is constantly repeating for poets to bewail in elegiac numbers.

Thus runs the inscription—

If Wealth, Wit, Bewtie, youth of modest mirth
Could hire, persuade, Intice, prolong, Beguile
Death's fatall Dart, this fading flowre on earth
Might yet unquailde have flourished A while;
But mirth, youth, Bewtie, Wit nor wealth nor all
Can stay or once delay when Death doth call.
No sooner was she To a loving mate
From carefull parents solemlie bequeathed
The new Alliance scarce congratulate,
But she from him, them, all was straight bereaved,
Slipping from Bridall feast to Funerall here
She soon fell sicke, expirde, lies buried here.
O Death thou mightst have waited in the field
On murdring canon, wounding Sworde and Spear
Or there where fearful passengers doe yeld
At Everie Surge each blast of winde doth rear
In Stabbing Taverns or Infected Towns,
On lothsome prisons or on princes' frowns:

There not unlookte for many a one abides
Thy Direfull Summons. But a Nuptiall feast
Needs not thy grimme Attendance: mayden brides
In strength and flower of age thou mightst let rest.
With wings so weak mortality doth fly
In height of flight Death strikes, we fall and dy.

These verses are marked with the date, 1618, which places the mortuary event just two years after the death of Shakspeare.—There is a wonderful power and significance, almost Shaksperian, in the lines—

In stabbing Taverns or Infected Towns,
On lothsome prisons or on princes' frowns.

The mind reverts to the time when all men wore arms for self-defence, and the brawl at the inn made them draw *a l'instant;* before Jenner had rescued the cities from the periodical desolation of the small-pox, and the plague itself was yet dreaded in England as a visitant; before Howard had entered on his mission of mercy to ameliorate the condition of the wretched occupants of the jails, and when the fate of Sir Thomas More, and the fall of Wolsey were still freshly remembered.

Another tablet, of a date not far removed from that of the foregoing, recites the sad mischance of a father and his son dying on the same day, and being buried in the same grave. After telling us of the virtues of the father and the youthful promise of the son, the elegist continues—

And then one age, one very day
Tooke both the Sire and Sone away
As if time for the Sire and Sone
As much as time could doe, had donne,
Making them live and die uneven
And yet to live as twyns in Heaven.

Around the Church "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" beneath crumbling grave-stones which are interspersed with monuments of our own time. One of these near the entrance struck me by the very equivocal meaning of its inscription. It was a simple but very neat and handsomely graven head-stone newly erected, bearing only the name of him who lay buried under it, the dates of his birth and death, and this text from St. John—

"If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in in us."

I could not help remarking to my companion, that unless this line had been carved above the deceased by his own request, he would appear to have been an incorrigible sinner, when our cicerone, a very civil and intelligent person, observed that it was the tomb of his father, and that it being the correct thing to have a verse of Scripture on the tomb, this had been chosen by the family as being probably as good as another, and doubtless as "coming convenient" in the opening verses of the Morning and Evening Service in the Book of Common Prayer. There was nothing of course to be said in apology for my unfortunate remark, but I was greatly relieved of my mental distress at having made it by our cicerone's saying that the same thing had been suggested by previous visitors, and by the fact that it had evidently given him no pain.

As in duty bound, I brought away with me a six-penny photograph of the Church, but I retain a prettier picture in my memory of the venerable building, and the gleaming marbles and deep grasses of the burial ground, and the silent, clean little village in the midst of which it stands, and the lights and shadows over all. Exeter Cathedral is a far more stately structure, the valley of the Exe as seen from its turrets is more extended than that of the Otter, and Exeter itself, with its memories of Charles Martyr and Cromwell and Charles Merry Monarch and William of Orange, is not to be compared for interest with the obscure hamlet of Ottery, but there is something of pleasant suprise in coming upon a fine old building outside the beaten track of ordinary travel that makes it impression even stronger than is often produced by those objects "which every tourist ought to see."

There were other places in the neighborhood of Sidmouth to which I should have made pedestrian excursions had the weather continued as fine as on the day of my walk to Ottery, but the rains began to descend, and the winds furiously to blow again, and for the residue of my sojourn in the town I was compelled to remain mostly within doors. The last sight I had of the channel was a picture of the elements in their wrath, the waves "rearing their monstrous heads," and the clouds stooping down to break against them, while the viewless winds almost made themselves visible as they swayed to the earth the naked branches of the trees and drove the drifting scuds of the tempest before them. Howling they went over the hills to Honiton where a few disconsolate-looking people gathered round the fire of the sitting-room at the station, waiting for the fast train to London. It was a drenched and dripping Devonshire that we saw through the pouring rain, as the distant whistle of the locomotive and the loud, sharp bell of the station-master brought us to the platform. Punctual to its time, unheeding wind or weather, fluttering its white flag of steam, the train moved with the speed and the roar of the storm towards us. Soft, admirable upholsteries of carpet and cushion; a blur of landscape through window-panes, across which the rain-drops dashed in horizontal lines; a leader in the Times; sandwiches; a cigar smoked in the solitude of the first-class in defiance of a possible fine of forty shillings; distempered dreams of ship-wreck;—such things engaged me till all at once there was total darkness at 3 p. m., or darkness only mitigated by the many-sprinkled gas-lights of London.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE.

Vague wishes
Unexprest—
Strange fancies—
Sweet unrest,
That's Love!

Much musing—
Sudden sighs—
Bright blushes—
Downcast eyes,
That's Love!

Verse-making—
Solitude—
Nights sleepless—
Little food,
That's Love!

Faint whispers—
Answers low—
Head throbbing—
Heart aglow,
That's Love!

Hands captured—
Stolen kiss—
Half shrinking,
Trembling bliss,
That's Love!

Rosy hours,
Swiftly whirled,
Too happy
For this world!
That's Love!

Fierce quarrel—
Frantic fears—
Wild anguish—
Bitter tears,
That's Love!

Chance meeting—
Full redress—
Ecstatic
Happiness,
That's Love!

Life together!—
Death apart!—
Two bodies—
One heart,
That's Love

New Heaven—
Under sky—
We wedded—
You and I,
THAT's Love!

AUNT ABBY, THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

She was as fearless under fire as she was in the use of her tongue, and more than one officer has testified to the coolness with which she would walk through the trenches during the fearful bombardment of Petersburg; and she has frequently been known to go under a heavy fire to carry water to our wounded. On one occasion an officer met her coolly walking down the road leading two horses by their bridles, with the bullets whistling round her like hail.

"My God! old lady" he exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm a taking Colonel McRae's and Captain Young's horses to 'em. They jumped off 'em and turned 'em into the yard, while they run through the bushes down yonder to whar the Yankee's begun a firing on our boys; and when they opened on 'em with the cannon, and the shells begun to 'bust round headquarters, these here foolish horses got sorter cantankerous, so I 'cotch 'em by the bridles, and as they'd 'er 'bin killed mabe if I left 'em up yon-

der, I'm gwine to take 'em down to whar the boys is under cover."

The officer, who told the story said she was as cool as though she was leading the horses to water on a summer's day at home; and only got excited and used expressions more forcible than elegant when they, snorting and jerking back at the whiz of every shell, came near stepping on her. She said the woman at the house had run into the cellar when the bombardment began, and called to her to come in too, "but I told her I was a gwine to carry them thar horses to ther owners,—for mabe they'd need 'em yet a'fore the day was over."

She was on her way to General Lee's army when she heard of the evacuation of Richmond, and Mr. Davis' arrival at Greensboro'. "I could'nt work my way through to Gin'ral Lee 'afore he give up under that thar apple-tree, so I said to the boys; boys, I'm a gwine to jine Pres*i*dent Davis since I can't git to Gin'ral Lee; do you all take to the bushes so as not to git kotched by the Yankees, and I'll foot it down the railroad track. One on 'em told me to be sure when I got in sight of the inemy, to raise my right hand, 'and now Aunt Abby,' say he, 'don't you sass 'em none 'cause they ai'nt like us, and would as lieve shoot an old woman as not.'"

"When I seed 'em, honey, I did raise my right hand, but Lord bless your soul it was the heaviest lift ever I tried, it seemed like 't was made o' lead and had a hundered pound weight hung on the eend o' my fingers. But I knowed it was'nt my hand, but my heart that was so heavy, and I said to myself, Now, Abby House says, I there ain't a grain o' use in telling of you to keep a civil tongue in your head if you's got to talk to Yankees; I knows it ain't your natur, so I tells you insted to keep a dumb one thar.

And I did, I walked through ten mile o' 'em, honey, and never said nar'er a word. I thought I should 'er choked, for when they 'cussed Jeff. Davis, the words kep'er rising up in my throat, and I thought they would come out any how; but I kep'er wiping of my hand over my mouth and a doing like I was a taking off 'em out and a flinging of 'em behind me at 'em, and that sorter eased my mind like."

She got to Greensboro in time to see Mr. Davis before he left there; and staid by the train in which he was until it left. "I cooked the last mouthful o' vittils he eat in North Car'lina, and he shuck hands with me when he started, and said, 'good bye, Aunt Abby, you are true grit, and stick to your friends to the last, but's no more than I thought you'd do.'"

Aunt Abby arrived in Raleigh by the first train that came from Greensboro' after Sherman had possession of the town. When she got out at the depot a Yankee soldier, standing on the platform seeing an old woman stumbling along loaded down with bags and bundles, said to her good naturedly;

"Hand up your traps, my grand-mother, and give us your hand, and I'll help you up these steps."

"No you won't" was her abrupt reply. "I raised my right hand once to a whole army of ye, but I'll never give it willingly to any *one* on you."

She did not escape the fate of most dwellers in the track of the "great destroyer," and lost her "crap critter" which was "picked up" by Sherman's bummers. As fearlessly as she had heretofore sought General Lee and President Davis, she now marched into the office of the Provost Marshal and demanded the surrender of her property.

"I've come here to git back my crap critter that some 'er your men has stole from me," was her abrupt address to the official who sat in state in the room so lately vacated by Governor Vance.

"And pray, Madam, what is a crap critter?" said he, politely offering her a chair.

"No, I'm not gwine to set down in this here office till them as oughter be here, is back whar they belongs," said she contemptuously pushing the chair aside. "I've sot here many a time with Governor Vance and your betters, and had many a talk with 'em, but I wants nothing from you but my crap critter that was stole Thursday's a week ago by your thievish soldiers."

"Well, Madam, if you will tell me what a crap critter is, and where I am to look for it, I will do my best to have it restored to you whatever it may be."

"Where are you to look for it? Why look in your own cattle pens where you won't find much that hai'nt been stole."

"Ah I understand now, its a cow that you've lost; can you identify it?"

"Lord sakes, who but a Yankee ever heard tell o' tending of a crap with a cow; It's a mule, man that I'm arter, not a cow."

The Provost Marshal, who was quite equal to Aunt Abby, and told of his interview with her afterward asking if there were "many more sich" in the State, directed her to the proper officer, and told her if she could not find her own "crap critter" she might take her choice of any of those in the yard where the stolen animals were kept."

"I expected," he said afterward, "that she would be at least a little mollified by my polite deportment, and even ventured to hope when I added, that if she liked to do so, she could take two mules in the place of her "crap critter," that she'd think I was not, in spite of my blue coat, unworthy to sit in the seat of the departed Zebulon. Instead of which, she turned on me with, 'Ah! easy comes and easy goes; but you need'nt think to make up for stealing from one by giving to another, I'll have nothing from ye but my own crap critter.'"

Her own crap critter, however, could not be found among the stolen mules, and after much persuasion she was induced, on the representation of the Provost Marshal, that she could return it when it was called for, to pick out another mule. He pointed out one that he thought the best in the lot, but she rejected it, and finally selected one of the worst, and replied, when asked, why she did not take a better one—

"I'm not gwine to be beholden to no hatched-faced Yankee among ye for nothing. Some 'on ye tuck my crap critter, and if ye can't give hit back to me, I'll take one as nigh hit's vally as I can git, and that's this here one."

"All right, old lady, take the one that suits you best, Jeff. Davis himself could'nt say more if he was President of the United States."

"And that he'll never be-mean hisself to be," she replied indignantly, "for he never had an *on*gentlemanly thought, or did an *on*gentlemanly act in his life, and being Pres*ident* of the United States ai'nt no gentlemanly calling now, since rail-splitters and tailors is tuck it up."

Just before she got up to leave me a gentleman who had frequently seen her in the trenches at Petersburg, came in, and recognizing her, spoke to her, but he had to recall to her memory the time and place where he had last seen her, before she could recollect him.

"O yes, I riccolecks you now," she said at length, but you see, you men all looks so different in your 'store close' from what you did in your dirty old grey jackets in them trenches, that I don't know none on ye at first."

"Don't you think, Aunt Abby," said I, "that they looked a great deal better in their grey uniforms than they do in their store clothes?"

"I don't know about that, honey, some on 'em was monstrous smoky and ragged, I can tell you; you never seed 'em at their worst as I did, they spruced up a sight when they come home, to what they was in camp, but if they did'nt look better, they felt a long sight better than they does now, or ever will as long as these blue coats is a swarming over the country like the plague of hoppergrasses in the scripter. But I've got to see lawyer Rogers 'afore night and its 'bout time I was gwine down town. You jest do what I tells you 'bout writing to Governor Vance, and axing him 'bout that letter he 'gin me to Gin'ral Lee, and told me not to let nobody laugh at. He read it to me, but I disremember what was in it: I only knows that Gin'ral Lee said it was a mighty smart letter, and seemed powerful sorry he could'nt let Marcellus stay at home that time cause he was afeard of the example."

I *did* write to Gov. Vance, and his reply was so characteristic of him, General Lee, and Aunt Abby, that I will close her story with the following extract from his letter.

"On one occasion Aunt Abby came to me and said her nephew Marcellus was in the hospital at Richmond, and 'was gwine to die sure ef he did'nt git away from thar to whar somebody could nuss him;' and promised me solemnly that if I would get him a sick furlough for thirty days, that she would return him at the end of the time, *dead or alive!* Upon this I applied for the furlough, and gave my personal pledge that he should promptly return. She set off to Richmond with my letter, and soon Aunt Abby and Marcellus came home rejoicing. It had all passed out

of my mind, when lo! at the end of *sixty* days into my office popped Aunt Abby. She took a seat and stuck her feet up on the fender without a word being spoken.

"Well," said I, "you took Marcellus back did'nt you?"

"No I did'nt" said she, "that child's got the wust coff ever you seed, and I am come to git you to write 'em that he aint able to go back."

"The mischief you have! How do I know that?"

"Why *I* tell ye so; do you dare to 'spute my word?"

"Well but *I* don't know it; *I've* not seen him, and I can't certify to anything which is not within my own knowledge. And besides, I'm not a doctor."

"But they'll believe anything you tell 'em."

"Yes, but I can't tell them a lie."

"It *taint* no lie I tell ye! If you could see that boy coff it would make you sick! Shut up with your foolishness and jest write to 'em as I tell ye; tell 'em *I* say he aint fitten for to go back."

"Well, well" said I in despair, "who shall I write to?"

"Write to Gin'ral Lee, I don't want no botherment with none of them officers."

"I seized a pen and wrote about as follows:"

"'GENERAL: The ubiquitous, indefatigable and inevitable Mrs. House will hand you this. She asks me to say, that *she* says, that her nephew Marcellus of — regiment, N. C. T's. now at home, thirty days over his leave, is still unable to return to duty. She says he has a most distressing "coff." I have not graduated in medicine, nor have I seen this patient, but judging from the symptoms as detailed by Mrs. House, I venture the opinion that Marcellus, like his great namesake, has his thoughts "bent on peace." I fear that the air here is too far South for his lungs, and earnestly recommend that more salubrious atmosphere of the Rappahannock; and that when comfortably established there, he be made to take for his "koff" a compound of sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal, to be copiously administered by inhalation.

I should be happy to learn the result of this prescription, and have the honor to be General,

Your ob't. serv't.

Z. B. VANCE.'"

"I read this letter over to her in a loud and pompous tone. She was delighted with it, and slapped me on the shoulder saying, "Lord bless ye, honey, that's it, why could'nt you a done that at fust without all this foolishness?"

As I folded and addressed the letter, I said to her, that there were many people in the army who did'nt like me, and perhaps some of them would make fun of my letter, and if so, she must let me know.

"Just let 'em *dar* to laugh at it" said she, and with many thanks she left me. In a couple of weeks she came into my office again with a very long face, indeed.

"What luck, Aunt Abby?" said I, "did you get Marcellus excused?"

"Lord bless you, honey, it never done a grain o' good; I carried

your letter to Gin'ral Lee, who read it, but they tuck him, Lord bless your heart, they took that child back jist the same as if you had'nt 'er writ that letter!"

I expressed my concern, of course, and added, "I hope Gen. Lee did'nt make fun of my letter, did he?"

"No" said she, "he begun to laugh wonst, but I told him 'to dry that up,' and he read it through very solemn, and said it was a mighty smart letter."

(CONCLUDED.)

SONNET.

DEDICATED TO JAMES BARRON HOPE.

Poets are priests whose teachings never die;
  Empurpled Kings who sit on ivory thrones,
With laurels crowned and sweeping harps, whose tones
  Are grand as thunders in the storm-rent sky.
Their souls are fed with beauty as were Jews
  With manna; their thoughts sad as Æolian
Strains in midnight bowers; sweet as nectared dews
  By roses wept or blooms Magnolian.
Their works like to Cathedrals dim and old,
  Where music swells and dies in tones divine,
Rich in Mosaics of most rare design,
  With pictured oriels, and lamps of gold
Which, from their frescoed domes, like great stars shine
  Through clouds of incense from high altars rolled!

NORFOLK, VA.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN*

A RAMBLE ABOUT SEVILLE.

EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL.

"April 25, 185—. Up early—before the dappled dawn. Found the streets already thronged and noisy with the busy hum of men. While London and Paris are yet buried in sleep, Seville is wide awake and all astir. But people don't move here, even in the fresh, breezy air of morning, with a *rush*, as if life or fortune were in every step, like they do in our own cities. The face is quiet and regular, more like curiosity seekers than men of business. *The Cigarreras*, hastening to the *Fabrica de Tabacos* from an over-revel, were the briskest walkers I saw. The Churches all open, inviting the devout to matins. Noticed that almost everybody went into a church, were it but for a few moments—a salutary preparation for the day's work. All religious service more impressive at this early hour, than after you have looked into the garish eye of day, and got though never so lightly soiled with the world's dust. Met a great many herds of goats in the streets. The manner of procedure is curious: they pause before a door, when a man or woman will come out with a cup or other vessel, which the goatherd takes, seizes one of the goats, and having filled the vessel with milk; at a given signal the herd takes up the line of march in regular order to the next customer. So you may see them, herd after herd, going from street to street, over the whole city, supplying the inhabitants with milk, which, they say, a Spaniard is fond of drinking the first thing in the morning, unstrained fresh and warm from the udder. Goat's milk is commonly used. Cow milk is rare in Seville, though quite plentiful in Madrid. But this method of furnishing the supply of milk to the customers, one hardly knows whether to be more pleased with than annoyed at—pleased with the pastoral aspect it gives the city—annoyed at having to make your way through flocks of goats and clouds of goatish odors.

Stepped into many of the stores and shops, which had their doors opened and their wares displayed early. Was struck here, as elsewhere, with the apparent indifference of this class to selling their goods. They are polite enough—in fact it is an excess of politeness which keeps them back from pressing solicitations upon you—they must exchange long and formal salutations with you—they must pass a great many enquiries—as if the business of buying or selling were altogether secondary to that of talking. They show you articles with an air that seems to say they don't care whether you like them or not—shrug their shoulders and then go on chatting again. They preserve here the eastern habit of having the different trades in streets appropriated to themselves. Noticed another thing.—Many of the shops are kept by

* Contined from page 53.

young women. This is an innovation, brought from France, where women are generally better educated than men, and do much of what is usually considered men's work, book-keeping, &c.—In Spain anciently the rule was the reverse, and is so yet to a large extent, outside of Madrid, where French manners have nearly overrun old Spanish ideas and habits. Whether it be that the hot blood of the Spanish women will really not bear exposure to contact with the other sex, or whether it be a pure relic of Moorish jealousy, it is certain they are kept much in the back-ground of society, educated only in the simple duties of the household and sharply watched when abroad. It is a pleasing change, this that they are beginning at Seville, and adds to the attractiveness, and the profits, too, of their shops.

Went through several of their markets—found them well-kept and well-supplied with excellent meats, fish of all kinds, game of all kinds, vegetables of all kinds—very much like good markets all over the world, only the array of luscious summer fruits and rich-colored flowers is scarcely surpassed in all the world besides.

Wandering beyond the walls of the city, through the gates of which long processions of goats, having done their daily task inside, were pouring in a continuous stream to browse in the neighboring valleys and on the neighboring hills, I was shown for the first time the QUEMADESO!! Horrid name! horrid spot! to the gentle manners and tolerant ideas of the nineteenth century! It is a square platform of granite on the open plain just outside the city walls, where the victims of the Inquisition were burnt, and the last act in the terrible tragedy of the *auto de fé* was celebrated.—Mr. Ford says that this Tribunal, from its establishment at Seville in 1481 to 1808, when the invasion of Napoleon summarily and effectually put an end to its refined cruelties, burnt alive 34,612 persons, and imprisoned 288,109; the goods and chattels of each victim being first duly confiscated. I have no means of verifying the accuracy of these figures. We know only that Protestantism, at its high tide in the sixteenth century, imminently threatened Spain; and we may well suppose that the Inquisition and Philip II, who met it with an amount of resistance which it encountered nowhere else, were unsparing. This is conceded on all hands. The Reformation in Spain came face to face with a foe worthy of its steel—equally true to convictions, equally intense in enthusiasm, equally unselfish in sacrifices, equally courageous in doing or in dying. The result we know; and may deplore or rejoice at, as we lean to one side or the other of the controversy, which has yet unhappily come down to us. But the whole thing, in its relation to existing sentiment in Spain, belongs to the past. Mr. Ford, however, says, that Spaniards live in continual apprehension of a re-establishment of the Inquisition, and asserts that the spirit of the institution still survives. I have not found it so: except, in the general sense, that

the spirit of persecution inherently exists in all sects. True, there is no toleration by law in Spain, for the plain reason that everybody is Catholic, and nobody wants to be anything else—reason enough many folks at home think for establishing the Protestant religion by law. But, practically, one is interfered with here, or questioned as little about his religion as he would be at home. All intelligent Spaniards denounce the excesses of the Inquisition, which was as much an engine of civil as it was of religious oppressiveness. In the war upon it, the Spanish clergy have themselves been foremost and boldest; than whom as a whole, I may add, there is in no country a more liberal and enlightened body of divines. Of course the future is big with mighty actions and re-actions, nor may any prophet tell what it will bring forth—but surely the Spaniards have as little ground to fear the revival of the Inquisition as Englishmen have to fear the revival of the Boot and Screw; and its memory is as much execrated here as elsewhere—perhaps more.

Returned to my Hotel—had a good shave and a good breakfast. A shave by a Spanish barber is a most delightful thing, but don't believe, though often enjoyed, I've anywhere recorded its delights.—A bowl of lukewarm water, scooped out around the rim so as to suit the neck, is placed under the chin. The beard is softened by the hand, without a brush, until the face is so thickly lathered as to resemble a poodle's phiz—then a stroke or too of a keen razor reduces you from barbarism to civilized humanity; and a perfumed facial bath sends you forth the most sweet-scented of mortals.—All this, too, is done by a surgeon as well as a barber, and the most amiable gossiping fellow about town—for the barbers in Spain are still practitioners in surgery, as in the times of Gil Blas. Have had no occasion to test their skill in blood-letting, but commend me to a Spanish barber for a smooth face and a dainty dish of chit-chat!

In the course of the forenoon visited the *Casa de Pilatos* or House of Pilate—a structure in the Saracenic-Gothic style, erected in 1533 by a distinguished nobleman of that day to commemorate a self imposed pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It is said to be after the fashion of Pontius Pilate's Palace—hence its name. What odd fancies possessed those old pilgrims! Here is a fellow who goes all the way to Jerusalem to worship at the tomb of our Saviour, and comes home to memorialize the architectural taste, as he understood it, of our Saviour's murderer. The House itself is a ruin—a beautiful ruin—utterly untenanted and neglected—abounding in curious relics. One sees, in fact, more broken pieces of Roman sculpture here than in all Seville else put together—gods and goddesses, headless, armless, legless, noseless, lying about in the room or court-yard as rubbish—nothing else remarkable.

Visited also the Church of *La Caridad*, more impressed than ever with a piece of work carved in wood, which wonderfully illustrates the power of genius. It is

a Descent from the Cross. The figures are all life-size. The whole sad scene is so natural—the mournful tenderness and holy awe about Joseph of Arimathea and the friends who assists him in taking down the lifeless body of their loved Lord from the cross—the delicate handling of the mangled form—the expression of Christ himself so death-like—yet so God-like even in death!! I had not thought, wood was capable of such inspiration! I've stood before it and mused by the hour, and "while I mused the fire burned," till I've actually felt an impulse to help in the sorrowful funeral rites. This work has impressed me the more, as being in contrast with what we usually see here of such representations in wood. Nothing is more common than wooden images of our Saviour; but with such hideous deformity are they generally executed, that Spaniards, when they would strongly convey an idea of remarkable homeliness in a man, express it by a saying that borders on blasphemy. "He is uglier," they say, "than an old Christ!"

Hastened back to my quarters at *the Fonda de Europa*. The heat is becoming excessive. As the sun careers toward mid-heaven, there begins to come over the life and activity of the city an evident lull, which continues to deepen till the streets, thoroughly shaded though many of them be, are almost totally deserted.—From about 12 m. to 4 p. m., the Spaniards say nobody is out but strangers and dogs.

Excellent lodgings and meals at *the Fonda de Europa* for two dollars a day. Have been much mistaken in my preconceived notions of the general style of living in Europe, especially in Spain.—Used to think before I came here, that, in so old a country, we would'nt find any, or, at least, as much of that wretched cooking and uncomfortable accommodation, which one meets with so frequently in our own backwood taverns. True, in the large cities, like Seville and along the main lines of travel, the inns are tolerably well provided—some of them first-rately—but when you get off in the bye-ways and among the smaller towns, the fare is ill, mean and filthy beyond what is illest, meanest and filthiest at home. Spain, however, has one advantage over us. If she lodges and feeds you badly, she yet does it cheaply. Your Spanish host, extremely affable and always doing his best, don't give you nothing to eat and nothing to sleep on, and then impudently charge you as if you had fared sumptuously.

It is a beautiful custom they have here—that of regaling you at meal-time with music.* A blind man and a guitar are almost necessary parts of table furniture; and strains most musical, most melancholy impart a zest to good bread and good wine, which are universal in Spain.

After a sound siesta, called on Don Juan de Ribera, with whose charming family spent an hour or two. The more I see of the inner, domestic life of Spaniards, the

* It is so common for all blind persons to play the guitar, that the same term (ciego) means both a blind man and a musician.

more I like it. There's no doubt about it—they know how to do the hospitality beyond all people. They put their house and everything that is theirs at your disposal with a winning cordiality, which produces a home-feeling at once—but I must not suffer myself to enlarge on this topic. We all strolled out in the evening to the grounds of the DELICIAS—the most enchanting promenade in Europe. Lying immediately along the eastern bank of the Guadalquiver, with its extended orange-embowered avenues, terminating in a labyrinthine garden, where art and nature have lavished whatever is sweetest in flowers, stealing and giving odors, while the tuneful feet in the mazy dance, the gay click of the castanet, the soft touch of the guitar gently melodize the eating cares and troubled thoughts of the mind; it is a place to dream of what is tenderest in love, and to feel what is divinest in poetry:

"And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
"Where no crude sufeit reigns."

Was presented, during our stroll in *the Delicias*, by Don Juan de Ribera to the Duke of Montpensier, whom I had often seen before. He is the son of Louis Phillippe, the last king of the French. His marriage with the Infanta of Spain, the sister of the reigning Queen, was considered a master-stroke of policy on the part of his father, whereby he was supposed to have strengthened his own throne by a net-work of alliances with the crowns of Europe; and this Spanish alliance particularly made a great noise and seriously threatened the peace of England and France. But the kings and diplomatists have done well to lay to heart the homely wisdom of Burns:

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' leave us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy."

Louis Phillippe's throne fell miserably to pieces at the first onset of Revolution. He and all his family are exiled from France.—The Duke of Montpensier, the happiest, perhaps, of them all has hid himself since the immense events of 1848 in his immense estates about Seville, where he lives in much privacy, and with whose people he is said to be very popular. He is a gentleman of agreeable manners, of culture and fine sense—speaks English well. His marriage, though the fruit of diplomatic intrigue and king-craft, is said nevertheless to be a very happy one. He eschews politics now, but is doubtless abiding his time, which may come; for a king's son allied to the crown of Spain, in the future throes of Europe, can hardly be an insignificant figure. His wife, the Duchess, who may be seen almost every evening in the *Delicias*, though she was not out to-day, is far handsomer than the Queen, and looks quite Spanish—a full brunette—while the Queen is decidedly blonde and un-Spanish.—Scandal has been busy concerning the paternity of the Queen and the Duchess, as accounting for the difference in their personal appearance, but I don't care to note the *scandalum magnatum* of gossiping Madrid.

Lingered till a late hour in the enchanted grounds of the *Delicias*

under a mild, star-roofed sky, eleven of the clock, to my room among the merry, affable crowd and to pleasant dreams."
of Sevillians; and came back at

(TO BE CONTINED.)

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

From Potomac's broad flood rolling,
To the Rio Grande's waves,
All the air is filled with tolling,
All the earth is strewn with graves.
Through the valley, forest shaded,
On the hill, and by the stream
Has the martial pageant faded
Like the vision of a dream.

Where the reveilleé rang over
Bustling camps, with call "To arms!"
Nod the heavy heads of clover
To the wind's mesmeric charms;
Where flew mounted squadrons, hurling
Clouds of dust adown the pass,
Now the dew's frail gems are pearling
Slender stems of glistening grass.

Where the shock of armies meeting
Roused the air like ocean's roar,
When in wrath his waves are beating
On the stern resounding shore;—
Where the shrieks of tortured dying
Pierced the elemental strife,
And the hoofs of horsemen flying
Trampled out the spark of life;—

Now reigns quiet, earth enfolding
In a hush of dreamless rest,
Gentle Nature's arms are holding
Our lost heroes on her breast—
Shield them well, Oh tender Mother,
And with morn and evening's breath,
Whisper some desparing brother
Of their victory over death.

What though no stately carving pure
Their cherished names may raise,
To tell while marble shall endure,
The theme too high for praise,—
The sky's white bannered clouds hung out
Their solemn pomp shall be,
And all the choiring winds will shout
The anthem of the free.

The Spring with vineleafed arms shall twine,
Each hillocked resting-place
And Summer's roses low incline
With flushed and dewy face;
Fair daisies, rayed like stars, shall rise
From their enhallowed dust,
And look up to protecting skies,
With smiles of sunny trust.

And vain shall witling lips assail
Their fame with envious dart;
The low-aimed shaft will ever fail
To reach its shield—the heart—
The nation's great heart, yet alive,
Though each throb be in pain:
For Life and Hope must still survive
Where Love and Faith remain.

FORT MOTTE, 1780.

MRS. REBECCA MOTTE seems generally acknowledged to have been the heroine of South Carolina in the Revolution of '76; a position which would have shocked that lady not a little, as she always disclaimed any peculiar merit in the sacrifice she made for her country. She gave up her house quietly and cheerfully, and "blushed to find it fame."

Though the fact is generally known, so many errors have gradually crept into the story, that the following statement, given me by one of her grandsons, may not be superfluous.

Mrs. Motte was residing with her two younger daughters and Mrs. Brewton (the widow of her nephew) at her new mansion on the Congaree, when it was taken possession of by the British under Col. McPherson, who proceeded to erect a fortification around the house, which thus became "Fort Motte"—one of a chain of fortified posts extending in a semi-circle from Charleston to Augusta, by which the British hoped to keep

that whole region in subjection.—Mrs. Motte was a widow, but her well-known whig principles, and the fact that Major Thomas Pinckney, "the rebel," was her son-in-law, gave the British officers an excuse for seizing on her property. She, however, received no personal incivility from them; and it is creditable to McPherson that his soldiers, instead of seizing and destroying whatever they could lay their hands on, *a la* Sherman, did not even make way with her poultry without asking her permission, which though a mere form, was always done in this manner: "My Lord Cornwallis' compliments and asks you to send him a pair of" turkeys, ducks or fowls—as it might be—a ceremonious fiction which imposed on no one.

On the approach of the American forces under Marion and Lee, the ladies left the Fort and took up their abode at the overseer's house, at some little distance, and were thus enabled to communicate with the American officers during the progress of the siege.

The approach of British auxiliaries under Lord Rawdon soon made it advisable that a more speedy mode of reduction should be attempted, and Mrs. Motte was reluctantly informed by Col. Lee that the destruction of her house might be necessary. To this she immediately and cheerfully consented, assuring them that the loss of her property was "nothing" compared with the advancement of their cause, and to facilitate their operations, presented them with some combustible arrows with which to set fire to the house.

The arrows were a great curiosity, the points having been dipped into some preparation which, on striking wood, would cause it to ignite. They had been brought from the East Indies by a sea captain and presented to his employer, Miles Brewton, a wealthy merchant of Charleston, a brother of Mrs. Motte. Mr. Brewton and family having been lost at sea in 1775, the arrows fell into his sister's possession, and were fortunately carried by the ladies when dismissed from the Fort, to their more humble abode. No bow accompanied them, so they were discharged from *a rifle* when the sun had prepared the shingles for the attempt. The first two failed, the third set the roof on fire; and as the piece of artillery in possession of the Americans commanded the only access to the roof, the British surrendered immediately. The Americans rushed in, extinguished the fire and saved the house; an act of gratitude to the owner for her patriotic devotion.*

The day was concluded by a dinner, given by Mrs. Motte to the officers of *both parties*. A painful circumstance, which occurred during this entertainment is mentioned as showing the spirit of the times. While they were at table, several musket shots were heard, at which Marion showed a degree of excitement unaccountable to his hostess, and despatched an officer with orders

* The Indian quiver which held these celebrated arrows was preserved by Mrs. Motte and used afterwards as a knitting-case. An old lady not very long deceased, recollected that she had often played with it when a child at Mrs. Motte's side.

to "stop that instantly." He suspected what proved to be true, that the Americans were taking advantage of the absence of their officers to execute summary vengeance on certain tories who had been taken in the Fort. In extenuation of their conduct, we must recollect that the tories sometimes murdered, in cold blood, the helpless families of their adversaries.

The house, after escaping the dangers here mentioned, was accidently burned some years afterwards, a circumstance that has led to much confusion in the traditions on the subject. Mrs. Motte did not rebuild it, but erected, instead, a fine mansion near the mouth of the Santee, which, though shelled by a Yankee gunboat, has survived the late war.—Unfortunately its style, as well as its name, (El Dorado) seem a mockery of the present fortunes of her descendants.

But Mrs. Motte was preyed upon by the British in other ways.—There lies before me a faded letter from Tarleton, dated September 2nd, 1780, in which he acknowledges that her horses had been seized for the use of his troops, and even professes a willingness to return them, if he could identify them. For this he must have failed to do, for many years afterwards when Gen. Thomas Pinckney was Minister at St. James', he was introduced to Tarleton by the eccentric Mr. Church, as "son-in-law to Mrs. Motte, *whose horses you know you stole in Carolina.*" On this occasion Tarleton is reported to have narrowly escaped blushing.

Even the Bible and Prayer book, presented by Mrs. Motte to the Church of St. James', Santee, and bearing her name, as donor, on their covers, were stolen from the church by a British soldier and carried to England. Being exposed for sale on a book-stall in London, they were seen by an officer who had received some kindness from Mrs. Motte during the war, which he reciprocated by purchasing the books and returning them to her. Having safely accomplished their third voyage across the Atlantic, the Prayer-book (an obsolete edition) was retained by Mrs. Motte, and the Bible restored to the church, where one of her great grandsons often read the Lessons from it, when rector of that church, fifty years afterwards.

Mrs. Motte lived to a good old age, universally esteemed and beloved. She was small in stature, with blue eyes, light curling hair, and a fresh complexion, which she retained to the last: her manners modest, easy and dignified. As she had no son, her name (originally *de la Motte*. French Protestants who left their country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, 1685) died with her, as her maiden one of Brewton had expired with her brother, but her three daughters married, respectively, Major Thomas Pinckney, John Middleton, and William Alston, and her blood flows in the veins of over one hundred descendants, bearing the names of Pinckney, Huger, Izard, Lowndes, Rutledge, Ravenel, Alston, Pringle, Hayne, Middleton and many others.

WRECKED.

A waste of waters wild and dark,
A flash of breakers on the lee,
And, plunging blindly on, the bark
Drives madly through the roaring sea.

With sturdy hands he grasps the wheel,
The binnacle is blurred with spray,
He feels her shiver to the keel,
And knows she will not see the day.

O, dim eyes peering through the mist!
O wailing woman by the shore!
O palled lips that late he kissed,
And praying hands he'll clasp no more!

A crash—a shriek—one drifting spar;
Round which the screaming sea-mew wheels,
And, tosed on yonder yellow bar,
A corpse, is all that morn reveals.

New Orleans, La. J. D. B.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I propose to write some recollections of the society of Richmond, half a century ago, lest the honored names of that period become forgotten, because eclipsed by the brilliant galaxy that has arisen in the last six years, and Virginia no longer should cherish the pride of ancestry. Perhaps not half a dozen are now alive, who remember the brilliant period to which I allude. Two only that I know of; the Hon. Wm. C. Rives, of Albemarle, and Judge John Robertson, of Richmond. If these unpretending lines ever fall under their eyes, they will recognize many familiar names and scenes.

If I should make a very prominent use of the little letter *I*, I have the example of great historians, ancient and modern, and I prefer to say at once that I make myself the heroine of my sketches, for I intend to recall personal observations and impressions. There is no vanity in this, for I cannot identify the gray-headed old woman who is writing in her sitting room, with the gay, lively Miss ——. *She* is now no more to me than the others who floated with her

through the careless period of youth; "Youth at the helm and Pleasure at the prow" I became a debutante in the fashionable circles of Richmond in the second year of Governor Barbour's administration, and my first appearance was at a brilliant party at his house. I was a young, diffident country girl—yet not unwilling to contend with the elegant women that surrounded me, for the attention and admiration so dear to the hearts of all young ladies—and *gentlemen* too, if the experience of fifty years does not mislead me.

Governor Barbour's family as first in position, deserves the first notice,—nor was it position alone that entitled them to it; their household combined everything to make it agreeable and attractive. The Governor was a very handsome man, of cheerful, affable manners and fluent conversation, making his guests feel perfectly at home, the youngest unconsciously chatting and laughing with him on perfect equality.—Mrs. Barbour was equal to him in all respects. Tall, graceful, and though the mother of a grown daughter, retaining much beauty, her sweet and genial manner soon made her a favorite in the community. The daughter, Maria, was a very lovely young woman, inheriting the beauty of her parents; her fair face was so bright with the lily and rose, that many accused her of painting, but it was by "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." Perhaps, I ought not to speak of the Governor's sister, who added another charm to the family group, as she is still living,—the venerable Mrs. Bryant, of Washington City, mother-in-law of Judges Wylie and Lathrop. Such was the family, which by station and character, led the Ton. Their entertainments were brilliant, consisting of the élite of Virginia, many distinguished persons from other states, and often a sprinkling of gay, young officers, who had won some fame on our lines, and willingly came to spend their winter furloughs in our Capital.

Is it worth while to describe Chief Justice Marshall? His tall, gaunt, awkward figure—his benevolent face and sweet smile have been so often described that they are almost as familiar to every one, as if they had known him personally. I met him often in society, but never at his own house. His wife being a confirmed invalid, he entertained only gentlemen, but I have heard that his dinner parties were very elegant.

Judge Cabel was a tall, handsome, light-haired man with rather a grave, but mild and kindly expression of countenance; his gentle manner was very winning, yet combined with a dignity that prevented all familiarity. His wife was beautiful and elegant then, and a long life of usefulness through many trials has testified to the soundness of her underderstanding and the goodness of her heart.

Judge Roane was ugly and morose, his young wife gay and volatile; she went a great deal into society, but entertained little at her own house; she had stepdaughters who went out very seldom.

Judge Fleming seemed to me, to be about a hundred—though in reality, perhaps not more than seventy: he danced and flirted with the young ladies like a boy, and was of course laughed at by all, though the gentlemen said he was a good Judge, and out of the drawing-room a sensible man.

I boarded in the house with Judge Brooks, and of course, saw him daily;—he was a delightful companion, full of vivacity and wit, and without compromising his dignity, gathered the young ladies around him and amused them to their heart's content.

Judge Norborne Nicolas did not, perhaps, stand so high in the Judiciary as those I have mentioned, but he was a high-bred Virginia gentleman; of course, simple and genial in his manners, full of courtesy and kindness.—His wife was a splendid specimen of the lady;—everything she said and did, was graceful and appropriate. I am speaking of his first wife,—a Miss Smith, of Baltimore;—his second marriage was after the days of my fashionable life.

Such was the Bench. I come now to the Bar—which was then at the zenith of its glory. Wickham, Wirt, Call, Hay, Watkins Leigh, of Richmond, Tazewell and Taylor, of Norfolk, were a bright constellation, there were other stars of considerable, but less, brilliancy from other parts of the State. Wickham was not handsome, but had too fine a face to be called homely. I think he would have been considered rather good looking if he had not been so constantly contrasted with Wirt's glorious beauty; there was too the same difference in their conversation and manners. You would think Wickham very agreeable, if Wirt did not step up and make himself so much more so. Wickham seemed condescending to entertain you—Wirt made you think you were entertaining him. Wickham was performing a duty,—Wirt enjoying a pleasure. So in their houses and entertainments Wickham's were splendid—*comme il faut*—cold and ceremonious; Wirt's simply elegant, and you were happy, you did not know why.

I once remember being at a dancing party at Wirt's, his parties were generally conversational and musical, though it was customary to have dancing at almost all the other houses in the circle in which I visited. I do not remember whether Mr. Wirt was then a member of the Church. I know he was some years subsequently, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and I am happy to say, a consistent Christian.

Hay was a large, fine looking man, a gentleman, but too vain and sarcastic to be pleasant.

Mr. Leigh was a handsome man, and at that time rising in reputation, being still young; he talked well, but was a little too proud of Mr. Watkins Leigh.

Gen. Robert Taylor, of Norfolk, was the model of an elegant gentleman; person, manners, conversation; head and heart what they should be. He was then commander of our forces at Norfolk, and was said to have shown as much military skill as legal

knowledge. As an orator he was very little, if at all, surpassed by Wickham and Wirt, or his great rival, Tazewell.

I have spoken of those who were then known to fame. I must now turn to those nearer my own age—who were yet but carpet knights but who have since won a place in the annals of the country—who were then just entering or preparing to enter the struggle of life.

Wm. S. Archer was the oldest of the group I shall sketch. He was then in the Virginia House of Delegates, afterwards in the Senate of the United States. He was then what Webster said of him many years after—"the most absurd aggregation of preposterous peremptoriousnesses," he ever saw. He couldn't help using his big words; not all the ridicule of his friends could cure him; he was a perfectly good tempered man and stood the raillery of his friends with a self-satisfied smile that was really admirable; he was a sincere friend, though perhaps he never admired or loved any one else as much as himself. He never married.

Abel Upshur, Frank Gilmer, Wm. C. Preston, Wm. C. Rives, John Preston were studying law, and giving promise of their future eminence. Their after life belongs to history. I only speak of them as they then were, the beaux of the season. Frank Gilmer unfortunately died early, but not before he won a name in his State. At the time I speak of, he was an inmate of Mr. Wirt's family, and a student of law. He was then looked upon as the most promising of the group I am sketching, though not such a favorite of the young ladies as many others, owing to a little formality and hardness of expression, which I think had increased on him when I met him some years after, not long before his death. He was then spending the winter in Norfolk for the benefit of the climate, looking very emaciated, and no doubt feeling wretchedly.

Wm. C. Rives was very handsome, very elegant, if that is consistent with a somewhat stiff formality. With ladies he talked well and laughed without changing countenance, and left them with the air "that duty is done."

Wm. C. Preston was exactly the reverse, all gaiety, dash and good natured sarcasm. His countenance was constantly changing and expressing his feelings before he had time to utter them. He was not handsome, but the constant play of his features made them interesting;—much, no doubt, was conceded to his youth, for, notwithstanding his sarcastic remarks, he was a general favorite and flattered enough to turn the head of any youth of eighteen. He left Virginia and settled in South Carolina and is now spoke of as one of the orators of that State.

I will not speak of Judge Robertson who is still living, and enjoying in his old age, the honors won by his talents and long life of usefulness to his native state.

There were many other young men who would, perhaps, have become equally conspicuous, had they entered the arena of public life;—but some being men of

wealth, retired to their plantations, and lived useful, but comparatively obscure lives—others died young. Even now, though long years have passed over, I feel a sorrow, almost to tears, for the blighted hopes of their families, who looked forward with so much hope to their future success in life. I can scarcely forbear to pay a tribute to their memories, but 'tis useless, "their merits to disclose, or draw their frailties from their dread abode." Their very names are forgotten, perhaps, in their own family circle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY ASHBURTON.

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

AN old fashioned farm-house in the eastern part of Maryland, ochre washed into a delicate straw color, a tall yellow chimney peering above the trees, a little attic window peeping out from the great gable-end, and where rose vines are clambering and tumbling over, except where caught by strips of morocco mellowed by time and the rust of the nails almost into the hue of the walls, here and there, deep seated dormer windows front and back where the bees are swarming in at the dishes of dried fruit therein displayed;—old gnarled apple trees lovingly kissing each other over the high shelving roof and almost covering it with their sweet white blossoms; pear and cherry trees mingling their odoriferous flowers on the deep, grassy carpeting of the enclosure; a wilderness of jessamine and honeysuckle growing on the walls; a long, large garden behind, luxuriating in the dear old-fashioned flowers, not forming squares or triangles in stiff, prim lines, but springing up everywhere, contrasting their colors in the richest, gayest confusion, evidently not suffering for want of attention; for the ground about them is carefully worked and all weeds and briers most promptly removed. No prim walks glistening with sand and gravel, but a rich green sod on which the fruit-blossoms lay their sweet little white cheeks, or the lovely pink flowers of the peach embroidered it in charming patterns. In front, spread a long enclosure lined with fruit trees and interspersed with them so as to form an almost uninterrupted shade about the house, though the sunlight fell in golden patches on the grass and penetrated through the leaves and branches, glinting and sparkling amid the vegetation till lost in its deepening labyrinths. A well sweep suspending an "iron-bound bucket" arose from a well on whose oaken sides the green moss of

ages seemed collected, and glancing over into its clear depths, the water looked so pure and cool that it tempted you to drink whether thirsty or not. Then the apple blossoms fell about it and seemed to make it the sweeter for their breath. An old love of a picturesque well it was, suggestive of pretty maids tripping there with their pitchers on their shoulders, while the traveler quenched his thirst by their kind assistance.

Again, beyond traveled a green lane, running wild at the borders with flowering weeds, and fulfilling the promise of yet more fruit in the long lines of peaches and pear trees that rambled at unequal distances, bowing lightly as the breeze passed over them, tossing their pink and white blossoms in the faces of the solemn looking cattle as they lowed up from the pasturage in the evening, at which the grave procession shook their heads and tossed them off again. Tinkle, tinkle sound the bells upon the air, while the cow boy scolds vociferously as he drives the herd over the smooth grass and a loiterer strays aside to crop the luxuriant herbage.—Fields of wheat and corn wave to the breeze, green meadows slope beyond and form pictures on their grassy sides with the sheep and the white lambs sporting about and mingling their ma-aas with the sounds of evening life.

Such a picture of comfort and rural life;—so sweet and tranquil that it seems impossible for the strife and misery of human life there to penetrate. The restless industry, the untiring zeal, the nights of sleepless anxiety, and days of exhausting labor, the precariousness of the crops, the frequent ill temper that disappointments provoke, are forgotten in the enjoyments of the fruits of all this industry and pains-taking.

The interior of the house does not belie the comfortable promise of the exterior. Vast presses filled with lavender scented linen, great high posted bedsteads covered with brilliant patch-work, the fruit of the house-wife's early skill in needle-work, yawning chimney places ornamented with the brightest of brazen fenders, andirons, shovels and tongs, gaudy in summer with red flower-pots, from which radiated immense bouquets of the tender asparagus and willow sprays. A long, low parlor, room of state and seldom used, as damp and chilly as such rooms in old country-houses generally are;—entered but upon grand state occasions in which the tall brass candlesticks upon the end of the mantles gleamed resplendently with an illumination of candles; fresh asparagus and marigolds placed in the scarlet pot if the weather happened to be warm; if not a crackling fire spurted up among the sticks of pine and hickory.—Heavy mahogany tables placed stiffly on opposite sides of the room, a long ebony-framed glass over the mantel, above which solemnly waved a bunch of peacock feathers, drab carpeting on the floor, well waxed oaken chairs of the high stiff-backed pattern, bleak white walls unsullied in the purity of the semi-annual white-washings.

A step across the passage and

the honey-suckled doorway, and you enter the family sitting-room, much more inviting in its appearance, where the home comforts are luxuriously displayed; the chintz-covered sofa and curtains, the long table spread with good country fare at meal time; the side-board with its goodly display of glass and china; the prints in which the execution fell far short of the design that hung upon the wall, the roaring fire in the open fire-place; the cleanly and brilliantly painted hearth rejoicing in its brazen ornaments;—these had a freer and easier air than the room we have just left, as if people *lived* there and enjoyed the privilege of disordering it occasionally; reposing on the plethoric sofa, moving the chairs at will, etc. Then the brilliantly striped home made carpet, running up and down the floor with all the colors of the rainbow, added much to its cheerfulness. When evening came and the well spread table was surrounded, the long chintz curtains, gorgeous in flowers of immense proportion, permitted to sweep the floor, while the firelight played upon the glass and seemed to have a counterpart out-of-doors in the dancing reflection, the fire crackled upon the hearth, the brazen andirons reflecting the gaudy blue and red carpeting upon their well polished surfaces,, it was as pretty a picture of home comfort as one would wish to see. Later in the evening, nuts and apples figured conspicuously among the little folks, or pop corn fizzed merrily in the faces of all around the hearth, causing many a little head to pause in wonder as to where all the beautiful white that turned itself out could come from, when but a moment before it was but a third of its present size.

Then the dreadful going to bed, when the oldest must leave the romance she is deeply buried in—shuddering, as she reads, perhaps, over some "Mysteries of Udolpho" or like entertaining work highly conducive to strength of nerves and a charming preparation for the dreaded passage up stairs, where ghosts and hobgoblins may start from every niche in the old wall.

Then prettier still; the delights of summer life, when the soft breath of the flowers floated in at the open windows now radiant in white muslin, when a variety of beautiful fruits garnished the table, when the bees hummed outside at the hive, and the golden butterflies fluttered about the room, or dabbled their pretty wings in the honey on the table.

Such was the home where I, Mary Ashburton, was born and brought up, coming with the sunshine and flowers of May, ever reveling with intoxicating delight in the beauties of my mother month, as I termed it. I think I must have caught the beams I clutched at with my infant fingers, their warm, mellow radiance seemed so to have penetrated my soul and kept up the childish love for the bright and beautiful.

But if child of the sunshine and flowers, I had earthly parents of a sufficiently real and tangible nature to convince me of my own practical existence. My father was a plain, honest farmer of lim-

ited education, living but for the business of the day, his whole soul absorbed in the state of his crops, the weather, and such things.—With all proper respect to him, I say it, he was a most ordinary man, the type of his class of common country farmers, uniting in his character their usual prejudices, petty sources of pride and straight forwardness of purpose. To have it said that his potatoes and grain were the best in the market, his vegetables and fruits the finest in Tomkins' Neck, satisfied to the utmost the cravings of his ambition, and he seated himself in his arm chair of an evening after the day's exertion to doze by his comfortable fireside over a newspaper, the extent of his reading, (save the "Farmer's Guide" and the Almanac) and a pipe of tobacco.

His wife in her department was as active as himself. The cleanly swept hearth, the gay homespun carpet, the dazzling brass, the rich cream, and butter from the tempting dairy, all were indications of her skill in housewifery.

In these mysteries, I, the only daughter, was early initiated, and mother and daughter were frequently complimented by visitors on the proficiency of the latter as an imitator of her mother. I do not think that natural inclination led me to the dairy and kitchen, but mother was too active herself to allow idlers to be about her, and I was too tractable to make any opposition to her wishes. It was much better for me, for nature had made me of a thoughtful pensive mood, rather inclined to melancholy, and the counteracting influence of homely household duties produced an equilibrium in my favor. I had much to do.—Many little brothers and sisters between me and the next oldest lay dead in the church-yard, and the wild young brothers that were left kept my hands busily employed about the garments which my mother, in her preference for active employment, left to my management.

Left much to myself, what bright dreams were woven by my fancy as my fingers sped rapidly over the shortening seams, what glorious visions of beauty and elegance floated in the day-dreams of my imagination as it drew ærial pictures at such moments. I was very pensive and quiet; so fond of solitude that my mother often wondered at my being so different from her; she could not imagine what made the child so quiet, she said; she wished, indeed she did, that she was more bustling and active, more like Betsy Hay, our neighbor's daughter. But I was strangely averse, I could not tell why, to the somewhat coarse society of our neighbors and acquaintances. I loved them very much, my parents, and was willing to do all they required of me, but I had always an instinctive, unexpressed wish that they were other than they were, more refined and cultivated. I shrank back when a coarse jest escaped my father, or an unrefined expression fell from my mother's lips. This was feeling rather than thought, for I would have deemed it a breach of the fifth commandment to have dwelt upon the wish, even to myself. Instinctively they seemed

to have the same feeling to me, so that, though there was mutual love, a mutual sympathy was lacking. The father often wondered why the girl shrank back so when he "chucked" her under the chin, with a remark that gave him such hearty enjoyment, and the mother that she was so grave and absent when she was surrounded by her favorite gossips, whose style of conversation was not in the least congenial to my tastes and sentiments.

I had early made the acquaintance of many intellectual companions in the shape of books, and from their lofty intercourse I descended reluctantly to my neighbors' well-meaning, but rather vulgar, society. Nor had my education been altogether neglected. An excellent teacher, a lady in reduced circumstances, having been installed in the small country school-house a mile and a half from the farm, proceeded to civilize the youthful rustics that flocked to her rule. I was among them. Being naturally fond of study and of some aptitude for learning, with me she took particular pains, which had the unusual fate with a child, of being fully appreciated, so that, when at sixteen I was left by her to pursue the broad field of literature alone,—for a call from a widowed brother to take the charge of his motherless children upon her, deprived me of her assistance and delightful companionship,—though neither learned nor accomplished, I had a tolerable English education. Some of her books she left with me; others I procured from the circulating library in the nearest town; others again, from such of the neighbors as could furnish me with some old, long disused volumes.

To my great delight, I discovered in the garret at home a box of old books that had belonged to the former proprietor, from whom my father had purchased the place before my birth; these old mouldy volumes having either been forgotten or not considered worth removal in the transfer.

How I reveled in them! Stealing up at dusk of evening, when the boys' jackets had been completed, the cream skimmed for supper, by the waning light of day, the sun's red disc pouring its declining rays in the little window panes, myself curled up into an inconceivable space behind unused furniture, stored there to be out of the way, or for safe keeping, crouched close down to the window, I would strain my eyes over the fading page, buried in the story or poem, till daylight had left me entirely, and I found myself alone in the gathering darkness.

Or, if the weather was very cold and I was driven by numb hands and feet from my beloved solitude, to bend over the fire was my next resort, with the volume in my hand, and peruse its pages as well as I could, by the flickering light of the pinewood knots.

Those queer old books;—what quaint reading they were for a young girl. There was "Evelina" (poor vain little Fanny's ambition might have been gratified in a very small degree by knowing, if she only could have done so, that she had contributed towards mak-

ing a lady of a very plain farmer's daughter,) and "The Novice of St. Dominic," and—oh! delicious morsels!—fragments of "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth." Even a small portion of "The Bride of Lamermoor" was discovered, though many of Caleb Balderstone's best speeches missed their point by a tear at the most important place, and Lucy's last interview with her lover was stained so as to make the characters illegible over half the page. But I read and re-read until my ingenuity could almost divine the rest, and I must remain satisfied.

Besides these were several odd numbers of "The Gentleman's Magazine," "The Spectator," "Cook's Voyages" and others which there is not time enough to mention. But they proved a source of great delight to me, and elevated me into a region of romance, the effect of which it took all my mother's good practical teaching to undo, and that accomplished this object but partially.

Mother, indeed, did not approve of novel reading; it made people seem so moonstruck and sentimental, she thought, and Mary, she was sure, read more than was good for her, but upon hearing some remonstrances she made, my father remarked, "Let the child alone, Margaret; education will do her no harm, and since it does'nt make her mind the churn the less, it will be all the better for her.

My mother was obliged to confess the truth of his assertion with respect to the fulfillment of my duties, and consequently did not attempt to deprive me of my greatest pleasure, though sometimes expressing it as her "humble" opinion that it was not altogether so good for me—so much poetry and novel reading, or I would not look so pensive, and above what I was doing, instead of being absorbed in it, heart and soul, like Betsy Hay. But she loved me very much, and in her inmost heart, was thoroughly proud of, and satisfied with me. To tell the truth, I believe her chief fear about the pensive look arose from a notion that children with that look on their faces, were apt to die early, carrying a sort of presentment of untimely death on their features.

As I grew older, she took some pride in fixing up a little room for me as my special possession. I had my choice of all the unused apartments except the guest chamber, and to their great surprise, I chose the garret room where two low small windows blinked in the gable end of the house, the sole relief to the yellow brick of the walls, save the shrubbery that clambered to my porch and trailed in upon the low sills.

"It is out of the way of the boys' noise, to be sure," my mother said after consenting to my singular selection, "and will be a quiet place for you to study, though I don't fancy much bringing my nice things up here in this out-of-the-way place."

That dear little room—I loved it for many reasons,—particularly as the house facing north and south, that was the only window view I could obtain of the sunset

How the red sun used to send his lingering rays lovingly into my snug little roost, as I watched him slowly decline: his last kiss seemed to be for me, and I fancied he smiled me good evening as he rolled downward in a heap of gorgeous purple and crimson; sinking behind a stately residence that reared a bold front against the sunset clouds, raising a cupola and a handsome roof from a dense mass of shrubbery. By the road it was a mile from the farm, but from my window, looking over several fair fields, in one of which stood a gigantic oak, beneath whose shadow the cows were wont to repose, over some clusters of forest trees, a stately park beyond, I could see the house as I have described it. The scene formed a pretty picture, particularly when the fields were waving with a green ocean of wheat, or when the autumnal sun was gilding the stalks of corn they shone like burnished gold.

My little room was quite tastefully and comfortably furnished. Mother's industry contributed a striped carpet composed of the most brilliant colors, where the deepest indigo was shaded off to sky blue, to lie next a startling contrast in red or yellow of various tints. Dimity curtains at the windows, dimity covering for the toilet stand that would otherwise have been very unsightly with its long, bleak legs and rough table. Upon it the appurtenances of the toilet, a brick pincushion covered with patchwork of antique pattern but brilliant hues, and a little square looking-glass, swinging between two upright supporters with a drawer below, ornamented by too small glass knobs. A small table covered likewise with white, held my standard books, consisting of a copy of Mrs. Hemans' works, the poems of Sir Walter Scott, presented to me as a prize book at school, Hannah Moore's "Practical Piety," several other religious volumes, my Bible and Prayer Book. A press with folding doors contained my wardrobe, so that my domicil was quite complete in its arrangements.

So pleasant it was to sit at my window on a cushion my own hands had embroidered, and watch the scene beyond, often prolonging my gaze until the twilight had blotted out all save the most prominent objects from the landscape, I could just see the lights gleaming in the upper windows of the mansion in the grove. That place had a powerful fascination about it for me; about it were centered feelings aroused too early and too unpropitiously for a happy girlhood.

I did not wonder at the sun for lingering there, for the sun of my hopes arose and fell within its handsome walls, so foolishly that it seems madness even to tell of my folly.

They were very proud, elegant people—the owners of that estate—stately ladies and fine gentlemen who would have disdained to recognize my family as their equals, and who would have laughed at the clodhoppers's poor little daughter for raising her eyes to them. The family seat of the Chaunceys had belonged to them for many generations, being an entailed property, so that some-

thing of the pride of the English feudal nobility reigned in their bosoms, as they looked from their towering mansion upon many hundred acres of fair land belonging to the estate.

As a little child it had been my wonder and delight to watch the family as they defiled into church, frequently having their numbers swelled by the addition of many fashionable visitors from the city, the ladies waving their delicate plumes and sweeping their gorgeous silken trails up the aisle, the gentlemen elegant and distinguished in appearance.

My little head was full of the strangers and their beautiful dress, but it turned with many shy glances to look at a bold, beautiful boy whose mischievous black eyes and curling auburn hair I thought the most attractive object in the world. I was always peculiarly susceptible to beauty; it produced in me a feeling akin to adoration, whether human or that of nature, while every thing ugly and unsightly excited an aversion that was almost hatred while I looked at it. In after years, by the aid of reason and religion I could conquer it partially, but as a child I really suffered when a very ugly person presented himself or herself before my beauty-loving eyes. When I was grown and that charity, that seeketh for beauty in the most unattractive, had changed me in many respects, I could generally command myself sufficiently to find what I sought, but with the thoughtless prejudices of childhood, I invariably shunned those whose features and general appearance were disagreeable to me.

Young Alfred Chauncey was the most beautiful person I had ever seen; his movements were grace itself, his slightest smile entrancing and wonderful to his little admirer. I was always disappointed when he was not there; to see him enter with his haughty parents made my foolish little child's heart leap for pleasure, and every object suddenly became refulgent in light. I adored his beauty; turned like poor Clytie in her homely garb beside her sister flowers, towards this Apollo of my youthful imagination. I do not remember the time when I did not love him; love! nay, it was adoration rather as of a star, something that I could never approach any nearer. The simple, childish admiration for his beauty grew into a feeling that was warmer still—a feeling that should have been conquered, yet before I was old enough to understand its nature, before it could be worked upon by the reason of maturer years, when, alarmed at the strength of a passion it was both wrong and hopeless to indulge, I might have subdued it by all the strength I could summon to my aid, I found that my love for him had formed part of my very existence, that I could no sooner forget or become indifferent to him, than I could tear my bleeding heart from my bosom and live still with its place a void.

The sweet, poetical solitude of my retired life, the rapturous enjoyment that I felt in everything that God had made beautiful, fostered most unhappily my ad-

miration for him, and gave me that proneness to day-dreaming that a more intimate companionship with my equals in age or society might have counteracted.—But as it was, I grew up thus, dreaming and loving, deriving a sweet, inbreathed charm from every object of nature that surrounded me, and throwing the glow of my own imagination over even the commonest occupations of practical life.

I loved the dairy even, and thought nothing prettier than the little peak-roofed building, with a stream of gurgling water flowing past it, the dear old apple trees interlacing one another above it as if they clasped hands and embraced over the plaything of a building at their feet, the cool brick floor and pans of rich cream in rows around it. There I sat over my churn for hours, listening to the music of the stream, as the paddle in the churn kept time to its trickling melody, the arm employed bared to the elbow, an apron of irreproachable whiteness protecting my dress, while my thoughts *would* frequently wander in forbidden paths, weaving delicious dreams that would never, in all human probability, be realized, and which might bring unnecessary suffering upon me some day, when the rude shock that must inevitably come, would awaken me from my girlish dreaminess.

God had not given me beauty, and my lack of personal charms was frequently a source of repining to me, but generally I tried to say contentedly, "I am as God made me; let me be thankful that I am no worse, that I have health and strength." So I kept from my little mirror in the garret room that I might not yield to discontent, and tried to forget what manner of person I was as much as possible, which was certainly the wisest plan to adopt, as grieving over a deficiency does not remedy it.

One day a neighbor remarked to my mother: "I declare, Mary is going to be right pretty after all."

"Mary's not pretty," answered mother prudently, "but she's a good girl and a great help and comfort to me."

I overheard them, being quite near in the sugar closet where I was filling the sugar-dish for supper, and could not help shedding a few sorrowful tears at this confirmation of my own opinion with regard to my personal appearance. I knew that I was not handsome, yet it was the case with me, as with others; whatever humble opinion we may hold with regard to ourselves, we do not fancy the same being entertained by the rest of the world.—How often do we talk in a self-depreciating strain, which were the listeners to confirm or utter, we would conceive them to be the most slanderous, disagreeable persons in the world, and never allow that their opinion should be founded on our own. I conquered at the time, however, and said as I wiped away the tears, "if I could only be loved without the beauty that attracts me so powerfully in others, I would not mind it so much." The compliment paid me by my mother on

my good qualities could hardly compensate at my age for want of exterior attractions so highly valued by girls of all classes, and the guerdon held out to me in this world seemed but a miserably poor one when I thought of Alfred Chauncey.

But I forgot, lost myself in much more attractive objects, as my bared arm plied the busy churn, or kneaded the tempting bread that I turned out presently from the oven in snowy layers, bursting from their rich brown envelope, adapting my poetry to beautifying the common affairs of life, and in bringing them to perfection, acting out a little of my dream life.

Even the stiff parlor felt the influence of my busy fingers and grew frolicsome under the influence of my little bits of silks, fashioned into cushions for the stiff chairs, or pillows for the uninviting sofa, while my dreams frequently developed further into reality by resulting in bright ornaments for the chimney-piece, moss baskets and worsted work for the ungainly tables.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.*

COAL.

BEFORE this State was robbed of that valuable portion of her territory now called, "West Virginia," she possessed one of the richest and most extensive coal fields in the world: a field embracing thousands of square miles, with deposits one above another, presenting a formation of astonishing thickness. But since the "dismemberment" of the State, her coal producing territory has become comparatively limited. Still there is enough of this important mineral left, to constitute (when it has become properly developed) an aggregate amount of both private and public wealth not easily estimated.

The coal basin near Richmond is, at present, the most valuable and important. Its exact limits have never yet been fully defined, nor has it been penetrated at a sufficient number of points, to test with accuracy the thickness of its seams, over a large proportion of its area. They have been found to vary much, ranging from a few inches up to forty or fifty feet in thickness. Enough, however, is known to establish this important point, that many centuries must pass before the field can become exhausted. Such being the case, it only requires the stimulus of manufacturing enterprise to induce large investments of capital in opening and working these mines, on a scale commensurate with their richness and the great importance arising from their peculiar location.

* Continued from page 170, Vol. ii.

The power of coal—and its power is almost unlimited—added to the immense strength of the great water-fall at Richmond, ought to make that one of the first manufacturing cities of the world. All that is now wanting is capital and enterprise. Our people are rapidly acquiring enterprising habits, and if they will in the meantime, compel their legislators to remove the present incubus of their "Usury Laws," capital cannot fail to flow freely into a region blessed with such unsurpassed natural resources. What iron and coal have done for Pennsylvania, in advancing her wealth and prosperity, and consequently her material and political power, they may also do for the old "Mother of States."

What may be denominated the "North Mountain belt of coal," extends, with some important interruptions, along the mountain range lying west of the Valley, from the Potomac to the south-west limit of the State. In Berkley county, on the Potomac, coal has been dug, which, in point of quality, is said to compare favorably with the best Pennsylvania anthracite. Openings have also been made in Frederick, Shenandoah, Rockingham and Augusta, showing that there must be an almost continuous coal field running through that extensive line of counties. In the south-west part of Augusta, the geological strata in which this coal is found, disappear, forming a breach in the deposit, extending throughout the whole of Rockbridge, and for some distance into Botetourt, where the coal again makes its appearance, in the Catawba mountain. Here mining has been tried to some extent, but the cost of transportation has been found too great to justify any extensive operations. In Montgomery county, however, considerable quantities of coal have been mined from this belt, and sent to market by the Virginia and Tennessee railroad.

Some important difficulties have been encountered in digging this coal, especially in the north western part of the belt, extending from Berkely to Augusta. In the first place, the almost vertical (and in some places "tilted") position, into which the coal-seams, with their enclosing strata, have been thrown by geological agencies, is such that they must be penetrated to a very great depth, if they are ever worked extensively. Secondly, the upheaval of the strata has been attended with so much violence, as to crash the coal very considerably, and give it a tendency to break readily into small fragments. This makes the transportation inconvenient and wasteful. If this portion of the field is to be made valuable, it must be chiefly from the use of the coal in reducing the extensive and rich deposits of iron ore, which we have already described as lying along its border on both sides.

The coal found in the counties of Lee, Scott, Russell and Tazewell, is a part of the great Apalachian coal field of West Virginia, and is said to be not only abundant, but favorably situated for mining. The only obstacle in the way of its immediate value, is the

want of lines of transportation.—At present, therefore, it can have only a local importance, but at no distant day it may prove to be a store-house of vast resource.

If the James River and Kanawha canal, about the completion of which some "uncertain Frenchmen" have been pretending to negotiate so long, should ever be extended to the Kanawha valley, it will penetrate one of the finest coal regions of the world, and bring the rich products of those exhaustless mines within reach of the great oar-banks of Alleghany, Rockbridge, Amherst and other counties, and bring about a new era in the iron business of Virginia. But we are going beyond our limits; for we set out with the purpose of confining what we have to say to Virginia as she *is*, and not as she *ought to be*. Hence Kanawha valley is outside of the ground we have marked out for investigation.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE HAVERSACK.

AFTER the wounding of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, (who was a rigid disciplinarian) straggling got to be very common in the Army of Northern Virginia. In a short time, straggling degenerated into desertion, and the latter being punished fitfully and irregularly, the *army* diminished down to the *squad*, which surrendered at Appomatox Court House. The oft-abused hospitality of the Virginians was outraged during the war by roving bands of these worthless creatures, who always claimed that they had had nothing to eat for three days. This was the stereotyped formula.—They always told too, of the desperate fights they had been in, and of the wonderful feats of valor they had performed, though they were, as a general thing, almost as little acquainted with the dangers of the battle-field, as Major-General B. F. Butler, U. S. A.

We have never heard of the foiling of but one straggler, and that deserves to be commemorated because of its rarity. Whether the good woman, who baffled him, did it through shrewdness or simplicity, we leave it to the reader to decide:

Mrs. A —— and her two daughters were sitting at their work in a plain room of an ordinary farm-house, in Madison county, Va., when a dirty, rusty-looking, but fat and florid soldier knocked at the door. On entering he told his tale, the old tale so often heard by Virginia matrons. *That*, and the replies to it, were after this manner:

Straggler. "I was cut off in the retreat the other day, and the Yanks most got me, but I killed three on 'em first. I've had nothing to eat since. For three days I've not had a mouthful. Hard fightin' and poor feedin' for us fellers."

Old Lady. "Bless my life! Not eat a mouthful in three days! Run, Polly Ann, and make the kittle bile quick. Put on some corn meal and fix up some warm gru*el* for the poor starvin'body."

Straggler. "I'm so powerful weak, could'nt you give me some bread and milk and a bit of ham?"

Old Lady. "The wust thing you could eat! Miss Smith's son Jimmy, he got lost, out a blackberryin', and when they found the little critter in the gum swamp, he was nigh on to dead. Dr. Jones, he wus sent for, and he up and said that the boy must have nothin' exceptin' it war gru*el* for as many days, as he wur out in the woods. Miss Smith, she's a monstrous pertickler person, and she fed Jimmy on gru*el* for two blessed days and nights, and Jimmy kin run about now as peert as anybody."

Straggler. "I've hearn that a little whiskey was good to bring a feller roun', who had got down that are way."

Old Lady. "Wus nor ever! I'm ra*el* scared, stranger, that honger's made you crazy like. You Betsy Jane, run and help Polly Ann make that kittle bile. Git some dry chips in your apron and I'll take out the meal myself.—Ever since we got the lid broke, the kittle's monstrous hard to bile."

Straggler. "I wish you and Polly Ann and Betsy Jane may all git to a country where the kittle is monstrous easy to bile." (Exit Straggler.)

Old Lady. "I do believe the ongrateful critter wants us all at the bad place and me a doin' all I could for him. But he's monstrous fat for a starvin' man!"

It is unfortunate for North Carolina that none of her own sons has attempted a history of the war. There was scarcely a corporal in the ranks of the North Carolina troops, who could not write a more *truthful* history than any yet put forth. He might not be able to adorn it with flowers of rhetoric and ideal descriptions of battles, but he could tell what actually occurred, without drawing upon the fancy and the imagination. The "so-called" histories are not merely ridiculous shams, they often contain gross misstatements prejudicial to the honor and character of troops, from States other than the one sought to be given the preëminence.

Take as an example of this cruel and unjust dealing, the reflection made upon Pettigrew's brigade at Gettysburg. The object is not to injure the brigade, but to exalt Pickett's division. Now it has been confidently stated again and again that the brigade lost more men than the division. No contradiction of this has ever met our eye. We would like to see the figures set side by side. We know nothing of the facts personally, as we were not on that disastrous field, which changed so many old secessionists into "union men from the beginning." But we served for a long time with Pettigrew's brigade and *know* that the world has never seen a finer body of men under a more accomplished and chivalrous leader. We do not doubt for a moment, that North Carolina lost more men in action than any Southern State,

and it will not do to cast any reflections upon her noble soldiery. The subordination and propriety of her troops were the admiration of the citizens, wherever they marched. This admirable conduct was due not merely to the quiet, conservative character of the State, but also to the discipline maintained by the officers.—The tone was given to all the regiments by the selection which the lamented Ellis made, to fill the ten regiments of State Troops.—All of his appointments being given to men of character and standing, other regiments would not vote for men of less mark to command them. Thus, in a very large degree, it was owing to Gov. Ellis that the North Carolina companies and regiments were so well officered. Seven of the ten Colonels appointed by Gov. Ellis sleep in soldiers' graves, one died of disease during the war, another (Gen R. Ransom) rose to be a Major General. He and Col. D. K. McRae are the only survivors of the ten. Col. M. made one of the most desperate and bloody charges of the war, concerning which the New York *Herald* said that "*immortality* ought to be inscribed on the banners of the regiments" (5th N. C. and 24th Va.,) which made the charge." Col. M. was severely and unjustly reflected upon at home, for the desperate nature of his attack.—Being a subordinate officer, he was of course not responsible.

We hope that there are thousands still living, who remember the earnest and affectionate zeal of Rev. Mr. Young, a Baptist Chaplain, whose liberal spirit and tender sympathy prompted to visit suffering soldiers of all denominations. There was an Irishman, and of course, a Catholic, in the hospital at Petersburg, who had a very serious attack of illness. Faithfully did the good chaplain visit him and try to promote his well-being. For want of a better name, we will call the Irish patient, Lawrence Donnahue. He, at length, began to mend, and when the good chaplain thought him sufficiently recovered to be able to stand a protracted conversation, he determined to introduce the subject of religion; with this view, he called upon Lawrence, and this colloquy took place.

Chaplain. "I am glad that you are better, Mr. Donnahue, I hope that you are improving."

Lawrence. "Thank ye kindly, yer riverence, I'm very comfortable the day."

Chaplain. "Did you think of eternity, while you were so sick?"

Lawrence. "Many's the time. I did that same, your riverence."

Chaplain. "My friend, were you afraid to meet your Maker?"

Lawrence. "No, your riverence, it was the tother chap, I was afraid of!"

The North Carolina regiments were so fixed in their determination to have colonels not inferior to those appointed by Gov. Ellis, that when no man of military experience could be found, from their own State, they sought army officers, who were natives of other States. In this way, were selected Cooke, (afterwards a Brigadier General,) C. C. Lee and

St. Clair Dearing, and others whose names we cannot now recall. When the supply from the old army was exhausted, the military schools were looked to, and R. M. McKinney, Marshall, Burgwyn and Lane were placed at the head of regiments. The first three gave up their lives for our cause in the spring-time of life, ere the soil of the world had sullied the purity of their souls. We knew and loved them well, but we felt a peculiar affection for the noble McKinney, who had been so long our associate in the North Carolina Military Institute, at Charlotte. A modest, high-toned gentleman, a gallant soldier, a bright christian, he perished at the head of his regiment, but to live forever!

Lane rose to be a brigadier, and for three years commanded the celebrated brigade which bore his name. Identified with the old North State as the accomplished Principal of the classical school at Concord, he feels an honest pride in the reputation of her soldiers, and a righteous indignation at aspersions cast upon them. We copy from that admirable and almost unequaled family newspaper, the Wilson, *North Carolinian*, what is said about, General Lane's position, in regard to the attack upon Pettigrew's brigade:

"General James H. Lane, a Virginian by birth, but a North Carolinian by adoption, has written an article for the Richmond *Times*, in which he demonstrates the unfairness of the attacks made by McCabe upon the conduct of North Carolina soldiers, at Gettysburg. General Lane was one of the most gallant and accomplished officers of the 'great army,' and speaks of matters in which he was an actor. We are glad to see that the apathy, which citizens of our State have exhibited in regard to the reputation of her soldier sons, is yielding to a just and proper determination to vindicate them from insult and defamation."

From the Aide-de-Camp of the lamented Cleburne, we get an account of a trick played by some hard cases, upon General S ——, a gallant soldier and true gentleman.

During Gen. Hood's unfortunate march into Tennessee, most rigid orders were given against taking hogs, sheep, poultry, &c. The better to enforce these orders, General S —— organized a special Provost Guard, with specific instructions to arrest all plunderers. As an incentive to the more efficient performance of duty, the guard was promised half of the booty captured from stragglers.—The jolly "goobers" soon got wind of this, and planned for revenge. They killed a certain animal, and removing the hide, feet and ears, converted him into quite respectable mutton. They next sent one of their own number to inform the Provost that some of the "goobers" were killing and dressing a sheep out in the woods. Away posted the guard, in hot haste, eager to do their duty and eager to have some nice mutton. The "goobers" and their prey were captured.—The guard had a savory mess of mutton, and in the grateful emotions excited by it, sent a goodly portion to General S ——, who enjoyed it exceedingly. The next day, as he was riding by the famous 5th Confederate, composed of all nationalities, but all of them "goobers," a voice inquired on the right, "who killed the *dog*?" The answer came from the left, "Bill Jones." Then

from the rear, "who captured the dog?" Answer from the front, "Provost Guard." Question from the centre, "who ate the dog?" Answer from all sides, "Gen. S——, Gen. S——! Bow-wow, bow-wow!"

Until the surrender at Greensboro, the gallant General would sometimes hear an unpleasant barking of curs when he rode near the regiment.

An Irishman had his leg shattered by a minnie ball, and was taken to one of the hospitals in Petersburg, where it was amputated just above the ankle joint.—When the poor fellow was convalescing, a Chaplain visited him and found him sitting up, smoking his pipe very pleasantly:

Chaplain. "Well, my friend, how do you feel to-day? You seem to be improving."

Irishman. "Thank ye kindly, your riverence, I'm very comfortable, only I'd like to have a paice (piece) more of leg!"

In the Mexican war, the brigade of Col. Bennett Riley was sent to the rear of Fort Contreras to make an attack through the gorge.—The Palmetto regiment (S. C.,) Smith's Rifles, and other troops were placed around the Fort to intercept the fugitives, when driven out by Riley. The attack was made solely by his brigade; and in seventeen minutes it had dislodged the enemy, captured twenty-six pieces of artillery and opened a road to the Mexican capital. An Ex-President of the Republic, two or three general officers, and over two thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the troops placed around the fort; and the entire force of Valencia, said to be six thousand strong, was scattered to the winds. All the fighting on the American side was done by Riley's men. The report of General Scott, however, made such slight reference to Riley's brigade that Col. R., (for he was then but a Colonel,) in speaking of it, said, "I thought that I had been at Contreras until I read Gen. Scott's Report, but now I begin to think that I was not there at all!" So it has happened in the late civil war, in regard to the battle of Seven Pines. The Southern troops who bore the brunt of it, have reason to infer from the so-called histories of the war that they were not engaged at all, on the 31st May, 1862! A former Captain of the gallant 12th Mississippi, Robt. E. Park, of Talladega, Alabama, has sent us an article pointing out the gross injustice done to Rodes' brigade by one of these "iron-clad" historians. Pickett's brigade is made to occupy the post of honor. Now this brigade did nobly, and its conduct was especially creditable, as some of its neighbors behaved badly and left it unsupported. But Pickett's brigade was not engaged on the 31st of May, when the real hard fighting was done, and when Casey's entrenchments were taken from him. These works were taken by the brigades of G. B. Anderson, Rodes, Garland, and Rains, composed of nearly one half North Carolina troops, next of Alabamians, next of Georgians, next of Mississippians, and lastly of two Virginia regiments. Casey says that he was attacked by 30,000 men. The at-

tacking force was a little less than 9,000 as shown by the Morning Report still in our possession.—After the works were captured, Anderson's (R. H.) brigade of South Carolinians was sent up to the assistance of the first four brigades, and rendered splendid service. Several other detached regiments were also sent in, but were not actively engaged. There was but little fighting, comparatively, the next day, the 1st June; and Pickett unquestionably bore the brunt of it. But we are inclined to think that his whole *brigade* suffered less than several *regiments* did the day before.—The 6th Alabama, commanded by Col. (afterwards Lt. Gen.) J. B. Gordon lost 333 out of 666 men. A single company which had been thrown out on the flank had all of its men killed or wounded, but four! Gordon said that when he ordered these four to retire, they were loading and firing as coolly as though nothing had happened. Rains was sent to make a flank movement and was but slightly engaged. The other three Brigadiers each lost one-half his men, not by capture or by straggling, but by killing and wounding.—Rodes remained an hour and a half on the field after he had received a most painful wound, from which he never entirely recovered. Anderson lost in a single regiment, (the 4th North Carolina,) 24 officers out of 27! and 462 men out of 520!—an almost unprecedented loss in the annals of war! Garland reported to his Division Commander after the capture of the entrenchments for a place on his staff, saying that his brigade could do nothing more, but *he* did not wish to be idle. In carrying orders during the remainder of the day, he exposed himself as we have never seen any other man do before or since.

A book, compiled from the sensationals of Army correspondents, would make very pretty reading, if it only had the caption "STORY of the WAR—founded on fact," but when 'tis called HISTORY, 'tis positively nauseating! The Brigadiers that did the fighting are scarcely mentioned, and yet what splendid soldiers they were. In introducing G. B. Anderson to General Lee a few days after, his Division Commander expressed the regret that he was introducing a Colonel and not a Major General!

Our friend A. M. M. of Edenton, N. C., gives us an incident of a cavalry raid.

While Burnside with his "powerful field glass" was calmly looking at his struggling troops attempting vainly to capture the stonewall, at the base of Marye's Hill near Fredericksburg, General Hampton was making a raid around by Quantico and Dumfries. He took many prisoners and army stores, and interfered materially with the anticipations of profits made by certain sutlers in blue. One of these disinterested patriots had not been long enough in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," to acquire perfectly the language spoken by the people of "the best government the world ever saw." The rebel troopers helped themselves to his choice supplies with

a discriminating judgment which proved that they were quite connoisseurs. Whether it was the good taste displayed by them or the sutler's own prudence which influenced him, it cannot be told, but he had no unkind speeches for the jolly fellows, who were helping themselves; but he was profuse in his abuse of the army of union. "Vot for is our army vort? can't keep von tam leetle rebel hoss off mine goots pehind de place dey fights. I coms to dis country, vorks hard, makes money plenty, puys mine goots to sell to de soldiers; py tam, one leetle rebel hoss take him all. I go home, I tells mine frow, I vorks mine garden and makes mine krout and let the Grand Army go along mit itself. The leetle rebel hoss come vay back pehind, vips him off, take mine cheese and mine cracker. Vot for is our army vort?"

The sutler had an Irish driver, who, having no interest in the goods, seemed to enjoy the whole thing as something better than "a little joke." He cracked his whip over the place where the horses had been, (they being now on their way to Dixie,) he whistled and he winked his eye, as something particularly interested him. A rebel cavalry man came up, who had feet of the largest size.

Trooper. "How are you, Pat?"

Driver. "Its Mike this time, and not Pat, and Mike's as hearty as a buck."

Trooper. "Have you any boots, Mike?"

Driver. "None for that fut!—Faith but I'm thinking that your fut has outgrowed your body.—Lave me your misure and I'll try to fet ye the nixt time we come back. Me Boss has sould out so quick this trip, that I'm thinking he'll be after coming soon agin." Here Mike winked pleasantly at his employer, who groaned out, "Vot for is dey vort, py tam."

From the poet-hero, Col. B. H. Jones, of Lewisburg, West Virginia, we get the following incidents:

During the battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30th, '62, while the 60th Virginia Infantry, Col. (afterwards Brigadier General) W. E. Stark commanding—was crossing bayonets with a Federal regiment, private Robt. Christian, Company I, Mercer county, was assailed by four Yankees. He shot one, bayonetted a second, when his brother Joseph, attracted by his cries of "help! help!" ran to his assistance and shot the third, and as the fourth wheeled and ran "Bob" pitched his musket at him and the bayonet entering between his shoulders protruded through his breast bone. He fell and begged piteously to have the weapon extracted, to which "Bob" replied that he was "too tired" just then, but would relieve him when rested. "Bob" was pretty well used up, bayonetted through both arms and a furrow plowed transversely across his breast.

Another incident in this charge of the 60th. Private George Taylor, Company E, Greenbrier county, upwards of sixty years of age, a true patriot, a gallant soldier, and a zealous christian, hearing an exclamation of alarm from his right hand man, told him to "trust in God and go ahead," thereupon

the fellow shouting "Glory to God!" dashed into the thickest of the fight and acquitted himself manfully. One other: Sergeant Bailey, Co. H, Mercer county, who afterwards fell at Cedar Creek, in the thickest of the fight continually exclaimed "Lord save my bleeding country!" Poor George! a better man or a more intrepid soldier never died on a battle field.

For gallant conduct in the battle of Frazier's Farm a beautiful banner with the device of "cross bayonets" was presented to the regiment by order of Gen. Lee. At the battle of Winchester, Sept. 19th, 1864, this flag which had attracted the death-shot to half a dozen gallant color-bearers, was captured by the enemy, though not till color-sergeant Kelly, of Company C, Fayette county, had impaled several Yankees on its spear-head, and finally fallen under the sabre cuts of Sheridan's cavalry. What would I not give for that glorious battle-torn banner to transmit as an heir-loom?

B. H. J.

The next two incidents is furnished by Gen. Jas. H. Lane.

Maj. G. G. H., of —— North Carolina, though a post-master, a magistrate, and over the conscript age, would avail himself of none of these excuses to keep out of the army, but voluntarily entered the —— North Carolina regiment, as a private; and rendered himself so conspicuous by his gallantry, as to win the respect and admiration of the whole brigade to which he was attached. As an officer, he preferred to fare like his men, and always marched with his knapsack strapped to his shoulders; and, sometimes, he would carry a frying-pan and a camp-stool. He was blessed with good health, and, though he was in most of the battles fought by the army of Northern Virginia, he never was wounded. During the summer of '64, he was thrown in command of his regiment; and when it was advancing, under fire, on the north side of James river, he rushed in front of it, and extending both hands—sword in right, and frying-pan in left—exclaimed, "I command the —— North Carolina regiment—men, follow me." The regiment did noble work that day. Not long afterwards, he took a very active part in that glorious charge made by Cook's, McRae's, and Lane's brigades, all North Carolina Troops, on Hancock's fortified position at Reams' station. He was among the first of his brigade to mount the enemy's works, and finding them filled with troops, he yelled out, "Yankees, if you know what is best for you, you had better make a blue streak towards sunset." The, then, captain had the satisfaction of seeing a long streak of blue coats pass over the works towards sunset as prisoners of war. The old patriot pushed on, and was soon after seen in an ambulance, driving back, in "two twenty style," a pair of horses, which he had captured under fire of the enemy's second line of battle.

While a train of soldiers was at —— depot, in North Carolina, a man with a broad grin on his face, was standing to himself, apparently enjoying the pranks of

"General Lee's boys." As soon as he was seen by one of these unknown "Confeds," he yelled out, "I say, Mister, have you sold your dog?" and when told that the animal had not been disposed of, he begged the fellow's pardon, and said, "I thought you had, as I see you are doing your own grinning." J. H. L.

We can, sometimes, relish a "little joke" at our own expense. The following letter deserves a better location than the waste basket of the sanctum:

——, ALABAMA,
April 15th, 1867.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your Circular informing me of my indebtedness to you of five dollars, as a credit subscriber. I have no money, but I pray that the choicest blessings of Heaven may attend your laudable enterprise. Your ob't serv't.

R. N. B.

This, we thought, capital; but but when a similar letter came a few days after from a point in the Old North State, we were reminded of the old saw that a "good joke should not be repeated too often." It will lose its savor.

However, as we have so many blessings of the same sort due us, we have been encouraged thereby to persevere with the "laudable enterprise."

THE IDEAL.

How strange a Wizard is that Power we name
The Ideal!; from her haunts of cloud and mist,
Nature herself, a rich Idealist,
Emerges, clothed in robes of sapphire flame;—
She glorifies with golden air the tame,
And dull lagoons, and by her magic kissed,
The dreary desert blooms with amethyst
And purple mirage, whose weird changes claim
The traveler's wonder!:—from low, trivial things,
This Ariel of the mind evokes fair forms,
And breathes thro' discord music; angel wings
Seem budding from the shapes of mortal love,
And the wild threatenings of our spiritual storms
Grow peaceful as the mild eyes of a dove.

SKETCH OF GENERAL B. H. HELM.

AMONG the glittering stars that shine forth in the galaxy of Southern Fame, the noble old commonwealth of Kentucky, proudly inscribes upon her time-honored banner some of the brightest. Breckinridge, Buckner, Hanson, Helm, Duke, Morgan, Lewis and Tilghman are names that are written in their country's annals, forming a part of her glory, which can never perish while a page of history remains. Some of these brilliant luminaries have indeed set, but the dark blue firmament is still glowing with their silvery rays, which linger above the horizon to light our gloom.

Conspicuous among the sons of Kentucky, remarkable for heroism, is the subject of this sketch—Ben Harden Helm—who lost his life in the service of his country, at the battle of Chickamauga.—He was an officer of rare ability and great promise. Though he perished at too early an age to fulfill the high expectations that had been formed for him, yet his friends and countrymen can scarcely lament his premature death; he fell while the laurels were still green upon his brow, ere a breath of envy or a word of calumny had stolen a leaf from the chaplet of his fame; and at a period too when the silken folds of the Southern Cross floated to the breeze, as the glorious ensign of a proud people.

Ben Harden Helm was born in Bardstown, Kentucky, on the 2nd of June, 1832, and was the oldest son of Governor John L. Helm, and Lucinda Harden, a daughter of the late Hon. Ben Harden, one of the most eminent jurists of the State. Young Helm thus inherited a high order of talent from both parents, and was placed at the academy in Elizabethtown, while a child. Here he soon distinguished himself by his aptitude in learning, and before he had reached his sixteenth year, passed through the usual college course of English, Latin, French, and Mathematics. At school he was a general favorite, kind, noble, and impulsive, he was ever the champion of the unfortunate and oppressed, and while never known to engage in a broil on his own account, was the victor in many a school-boy quarrel in defence of his friends.

Having completed his literary course of study, he was appointed a cadet in the Kentucky Military Institute, then under the supervision of Colonel J. P. Allen. In June of the same year, he entered the academy at West Point. During the five years spent in this celebrated institution, young Helm was noted for prompt discharge of duty and proficiency in the various branches of military education. He graduated high in his class in 1851, was appointed lieutenant in the cavalry, and ordered to north-western Texas. At the end of one year's service, he resigned his commission on account of ill health, and re-

turned to Kentucky. Feeling himself incapacitated for the hardships of a soldier's life, our hero, pursuing the inclinations of his mind, determined to select the law as a profession, and accordingly began the study of it in his father's office, graduating with high honors in the Louisville Law School, he entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, H. M. Bruce, who was afterwards a member of the Confederate Congress.

Ben Harden Helm's first entrance into public life was in 1855, when he was elected a member of the representative branch of the Legislature from Harden county. In that body he served with such honor, giving such evidence of his justly discriminating mind, and superior legal attainments, that in the following year he was elected commonwealth's attorney. In the same year, he was married to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Emily Todd, daughter of the late Robert Todd, Esq., of Lexington, Kentucky. At the expiration of his term of office, he removed to Louisville, renewing the practice of his profession, in connection with M. H. Cofer, since colonel of the 6th Kentucky regiment, C. S. A. It was at this period, that Ben H. Helm, made himself, a most enviable character. At the bar always true to the honor of his profession, he was faithful to his client, and the court; to his associates, as well as opposing counsel, he was courteous and obliging. The uprightness and integrity of his character, the clearness of his judgment, and discernment of his mind impressed every one who knew him, and it was as a professional man that he attained for himself a reputation, equaled only by that afterwards gained in the service of the South, as a soldier.

In 1859, the Kentucky Legislature, at the instigation of General S. B. Buckner, organized its militia of State into a state guard, of which General B—— was made chief inspector, and General Helm the second in command.—To the labors and energy of these two officers, is due the marked superiority of the Kentucky troops of the Confederate army, the grand work of their superior discipline, and efficiency in arms, having been laid in the camps of instruction of the State guard.

At the commencement of the late revolution, President Lincoln—a brother-in-law of General Helm—offered him a high position in the United States Army, but the noble, chivalrous, son of Kentucky, refused to accept honors from the hand that oppressed the people of his sister states.—Such was the purity of his patriotism, that had the crown of an empire been offered him, he would have spurned it for the liberty of his country. His sympathy was with the South, and he resolved, when he took up arms, it should be in her defence. About this period, he visited Washington in company with General Buckner. Shortly after his return, he entered the Confederate Army, and was immediately commissioned colonel of the 1st Kentucky cavalry.—While the Confederates occupied Bowling Green, he rendered valuable service; upon the removal of

the troops from this point, Col. Helm and his band of Kentuckians were ordered to cover the retreat. Being in the rear of Buell at Shiloh, he communicated to General Johnson, Buell's intention of joining Grant, Sunday night, by this valuable information preparing the Confederates for the enemy's approach. In the battle of Sunday, Colonel Helm displayed great valor, in reward for which, he was promoted to the position of Brigadier General. His command consisted of Mississippi troops, and the 4th and 9th Kentucky infantry, the latter then known as the 5th Kentucky.

At the battle of Baton Rouge, General Helm led the advance, having Cobb's battery attached to his command. He sent forward a body of partisan rangers as scouts in the place of regular cavalry. When in about a mile of the town, it being still too dark to discern an object, the horsemen, (not regular troops) became alarmed by a report of the approach of a large body of the enemy, and rushed back pell-mell upon the advancing column of infantry, and artillery, who in turn mistook the panic stricken rangers for the Federal troops, and fired into their midst. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued, the infantry were trampled down by the stumbling artillery horses, the guns were over-turned, the terrified steeds shot down, crushing men in their fall. An ordinary commander would have partaken of the general dismay, and looked to his own security; not so the dauntless young Kentuckian, his clear mind soon discerned the true cause of the confusion of his brave troops, and riding among them, he endeavored to reassure them of their needless alarm, and convince them by his cheering tones, of the real condition of affairs, but in his efforts to restore order, he became entirely regardless of personal safety, and his horse was shot under him, falling crushed the muscles of his thigh in such a manner as to disable him to a considerable extent for life. At the same time, his Aid and brother-in-law, Alexander Todd, was killed by an unfortunate shot. He was a young man of ability, and undoubted courage. In his untimely fall his country sustained a loss. Captain Todd was the favorite son of a widowed mother, and the second one whose name had been written upon the martyr's scroll in our war for independence.

General Helm was conveyed from the field of carnage to the residence of a planter, where he remained until September, suffering severely from his wounds. Upon reporting for duty, he was placed in charge of the troops about Pollard, Alabama, to watch the approach of the enemy from Pensacola.

About the 1st of January, 1863, he was transferred to the command of the Post at Chattanooga, at that time a position of considerable importance, being immediately in the rear of the lines, and consequently the great depot for the materials of war.

In February, General Helm was placed in command of the famous Kentucky brigade, consisting of the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 9th Ken-

tucky infantry, 41st Alabama, and Cobb's battery. The command was stationed at Manchester, Tennessee, as one of the outposts of the army, and was the favorite brigade of Breckinridge's division.

In May, the entire command was ordered to Jackson, Mississippi, to reinforce Gen. Johnston. In the move upon Big Black, Helm was in the advance. As soon as General Johnston was apprised of the fall of Vicksburg, General Helm was ordered to cover the retreat.

On Sunday the 12th of July, an attack was made upon Helm's line, the heat was intense, the Confederates were exhausted by their long march, and seemingly unfit for the unequal contest, but the dauntless spirits of brave Kentuckians never quailed, and now led by their valiant commander, they repulsed the enemy with a loss of two hundred men, and three stands of colors. On the 16th, Jackson was evacuated at 10 o'clock at night, the Kentucky brigade was again ordered to cover the retreat, for which service they were afterwards handsomely complimented by General Johnston.

In September, Breckenridge's division was ordered to join Bragg, and reached that commander in time to take part in the battle of Chickamauga. Helm's brigade was at once thrown forward into a most important position. On the first day of the engagement, it occupied the extreme left of the army, where a heavy force of the enemy was confronted—the Kentuckians were never closely engaged, being confined to heavy skirmishing, and a terrible artillery duel. At night, they were transferred from the position occupied during the day to the extreme right, and on the memorable Sunday morning just after sun rise, opened the battle. They moved into action beautifully, and were soon upon the enemy's works, but unfortunately General Cleburne, who was on the left, failed from a misconception of orders to advance at the same time to their support. Raked by batteries in front, torn by others on the flank, the gallant Kentuckians advanced nevertheless with the firmness of veterans, and buffeting the iron whirlpool, struggled manfully to maintain their position. As glorious a name as Kentucky has ever borne, as valiantly as she has defended it on so many fields of strife, her sons surpassed themselves in this memorable contest, adding new laurels to their already well known crown, and even now when the sword is sheathed, and the beloved banner furled, no prouder boast can be made than to say "I was a member of the Kentucky brigade."—The withering fire from the enemy's guns made fearful havoc in the ranks of those heroic men, cutting down more than a third of their number—a large portion of whom were officers, among them the gallant Helm, who received a minnie rifle ball in his right side, while pressing the left wing of his brigade hard upon the Federal works. As he fell, all eyes were turned upon the beloved young commander, and those nearest rushed to his assistance.

He was tenderly borne from the field by his sorrow stricken men, to the hospital, where he lingered until midnight, when the heroic spirit fled from its tenement of clay, and winged its flight to the bosom of God.

In appearance, though not strictly speaking handsome, General Helm was prepossessing. In height he measured five feet ten inches, his eyes were a bright blue, and his hair a soft brown; he had a frank, open expression of countenance that bespoke the nobility of his nature, and the warmth and generosity of his heart.

As a soldier he was brave, self-forgetting, unawed by danger, and nerved by disaster; he imparted his own enthusiasm to all under his command, and infused life and vigor through the ranks. "I knew General Helm well," says a distinguished officer of the Confederate Army, "and I may truly affirm that he was a man of great promise, lofty in the purity of his principles, devoted to the cause he deemed just, his fall was a serious loss to his country."

As a statesman, patriot, and soldier, Kentucky is justly proud of the gallant Helm, and his name will live as long as any one of her stalwart sons shall continue to exist, or her fair daughters can preserve green by grateful tears the dearest, and most brilliant memories of their hearts.

ON PRUNING AND TRAINING OF THE GRAPE.

THE great object to be attained in pruning and training the grape, is to develop to the utmost its fruit bearing qualities, consistent with a due regard to the health of the plant and its future powers of productiveness. If we overtax its energies at any one time, exhaustion ensues, and we lose the time necessary for its recuperation.—We must endeavor to husband its strength, and to concentrate it upon that part which is of most value, viz: the *Fruit*: this being the object in view, we will consider the habit of the vine and its mode of bearing; and thus endeavor to arrive at the best mode of accomplishing this end.

1st. *In all plants their is a due equipoise of strength between the roots and the stem.* This is the normal condition and must be preserved as nearly as possible, or the health of the plant is impaired. If therefore we prune the branches excessively, the roots are injured. The breathing and digesting apparatus above in the air, is necessary to maintain the healthy action of the roots—the absorbents below in the soil.

This due proportion is generally attained and preserved when a plant is left in its natural state; and there is undoubtedly most vigor and health when the equilibrium is undisturbed.

2d. There are certain advantages however to be derived from prun-

ing, which counterbalance the injuries done to the plant. As, for example, in giving good form and symmetry to ornamental trees—in reducing the size of fruit trees, and giving them such shape as to protect against sun and high winds, and to force the fruit bearing branches into full development; and in the grape, to keep within control, the strong tendency to grow out of reach and bear fruit only at the extremities. This artificial treatment, or domestication, whether in plants or animals, causes an unnatural, and to a certain extent, an unhealthy condition, but it is necessary if we wish to develop certain valuable qualities at the expense of others which are of less importance to us.

3d. Plants have various modes of bearing fruits—some on the growing wood of the present season, as the grape, fig, pomegranate, &.,—others on the wood of the last, or previous years, as the peach, plum, apple, cherry, &c.

Pruning must therefore be done in accordance with these various habits.

4th. *The grape bears its fruit on the growing wood of the current season, which wood is the growth from a bud formed the previous season.*

By keeping this fact in view, we shall understand the rationale of the different modes of pruning and training; and that however they may be varied to suit the fancy or taste of the vintner, or the exigencies of the case, they are all based on the same principle and may all be reduced to one general plan.

5th. The pruning of the grape should be done in winter—any time from the fall of the leaf to within one month of the shooting forth of new leaves. At this season the plant is in a dormant state; vegetation is checked, and the circulation of the sap is very sluggish. At the first approach of warm weather, the crude sap begins to ascend from the roots, and so copiously, that an incision made in the wood at that time causes profuse "bleeding," and is very exhausting to the plant. By earlier pruning, the scar has time to become dry and the pores of the small cells are closed, and no "bleeding" ensues.

6th. The buds which are left at the winter pruning (on branches, the growth of the previous season,) shoot forth with vigor in early spring. In a strong, healthy and well matured vine, as these shoots elongate, it will be found that generally the first three joints, (*nodes*) have each a leaf and nothing more. If there is to be fruit, a cluster of buds (raceme) is formed opposite the fourth leaf and the two next. There are seldom more than three clusters on one shoot. As the young branches elongate, tendrils take the place of the fruit racemes opposite to the leaves; and this arrangement continues as long as the branch maintains its growth. After the tendrils begin to form, no more fruit may be expected, no matter how vigorous the growth.*

* Except in certain cases where from accident or design, the growing shoot is cut back to a well matured bud.—This bud which contains within its folds, the germ of the future fruit, which normally would have remained inactive until the following season, sometimes has sufficient vitality to shoot out immediately and develop its fruit. This is known as "second crop," but the quality is never as good as that of the first crop, and the process is exhausting to the vine.

The transformation of the first tendrils into fruit bearing racemes has exhausted the energies of the shoot, and those formed afterwards are merely appendages for holding on to objects of support.

In pruning the vine therefore in winter, we must leave a sufficient quantity of new wood, i. e., wood grown and matured the previous season, in order to have fruit bearing buds.

7th. If we leave the vine unpruned, the health and vigor of the plant, so far as its mere vegetative life is concerned, is certainly benefited, but we lose much of the quantity and quality of the fruit, which alone gives value to the grape. The effect of leaving a vine unpruned, would be to multiply enormously the number of buds, which would become branches the following season.—As these increase in number, they decrease correspondingly in vigor, for the roots can only furnish a limited amount of food. Another effect would be that the vine continues to elongate and grow upwards;—and must find some means of support, or trail upon the ground. In the wild state, nature provides the trees of the forest, but this would be impracticable in the vineyard. We must therefore, at the risk of injuring somewhat the health of the vine, take off a portion of the branches in order to keep it in due proportion and shape; and obtain fruit of better quality.

Hence the necessity of pruning and training; and the various modes practised and recommended to accomplish these ends.

8th. If we bear in mind,

First. The necessity of preserving as nearly as possible the due balance between root and branches;

Second. The benefit to be derived by taking away a portion of the growing buds, and thus concentrating the whole strength of the plant upon the remaining parts, we shall have the best lights to guide us in the process of pruning.

The different modes in practice are based upon these principles, and are all modifications of one and the same system.

9th. Having made these preliminary remarks, let us consider the practice more in detail.

The vine, from its habit, needs some support. It must be secured against the action of high winds, or the tender shoots are snapped off;—it must be raised from the ground, or the fruit rots when in contact with the moist earth;—and the fruit (in our Southern latitude) must be protected by the leaves from the direct rays of the sun, or it becomes sun-burnt, hard and unpalatable.

In vineyard culture, where thousands of vines are to be provided for, it is necessary to adopt that plan which is most practicable.

10th. The most common modes of training are the following:

Single Stakes. These are from five to six feet in height; and are driven firmly into the ground near the vine, to which it is attached by cord or osier willow thongs, either straight or bowed.

The Trellis is made of two or more laths nailed to upright posts at proper distances apart;—or No. 10 wire may be used in place of laths, stretched from one post to the other.

The Arbor is only the Trellis more extended to form a covering above.

11th. In *stake culture* there are two modes of pruning:

First. The *renewal system*, where a new cane is trained every year to form the bearing wood of the following season:

At the pruning in winter, one or two canes, (depending on the age and vigor of the vine) the growth of the previous season, must be left;—and also a spur containing one or two buds, from which will grow the wood to form the bearing canes of the next year.

The length of the canes intended to bear fruit, must depend upon the age and strength of the vine;—and also upon the climate, soil and latitude to which it is subjected. It is the general opinion here in the latitude of South Carolina and Georgia, that we must prune less severely than is done further North, and in Europe.

We have a longer growing season and a hotter sun to stimulate the growth and mature the woody structure. Excessive pruning is apt to cause an undue expansion of wood and leaf at the expense of the fruit.

In a healthy and strong vine of sufficient size and age, six to eight buds upon each cane would not be too much, where two are to be used;—or double that number upon a single cane.

It will be found, perhaps, that different varieties will require a modification of this plan—some requiring more, some less. The varieties or descendants of the summer grape (Vitis Æstivalis) viz: Herbemont, Madeira, or Warren, Pauline, Lenoir, Black July and others of this class, are more rampant in growth, need more outlets to their vigorous flow of sap, and can sustain a greater tax upon their roots without exhaustion, than those of the Muscadine family or descendants of Vitis Labrusca, viz: Isabella, Catawba, Diana, &c. The latter are often injured by over-bearing (having too much of the bearing wood left in the pruning,) whilst the former, when there are not shoots enough to check the too vigorous growth, expend their strength in long and useless branches.

After pruning in winter, the canes are then bowed or bent and fastened securely to the stake.—The object of bowing is to retain the ascent of the sap, and by distributing it more equally through the cane, to cause all the buds to develop together. The vines when bowed, are also more easily fastened to the stake, suffer less from winds, and give more protection to the fruit from the sun.

Secondly. Another mode of pruning for stake culture is the

Permanent stem system. The commencement is made by leaving one straight, well-developed cane of three or four feet in length, which is fastened upright to the stake. No spur is left at base to form new wood for the next year, but the same stem is retained.—Nearly every bud on this cane will shoot out and form branches the first season. At the pruning, the following winter, a sufficient number of these lateral branches

are retained and cut back, so as to have one, two or three buds on each branch, varying according to the age of the vine, vigor of growth and capacity for bearing. The following season, the same process is repeated, leaving one or more buds on the branches, (wood of the previous year's growth.) The stem, by this system, becomes larger and stronger each year, and at length becomes self-supporting, as in California, or at any rate, is less liable to be thrown about by high winds.

Those who prefer this Permanent, to the Renewal stem system, claim for it the following advantages:

First. The stem becomes annually larger and stronger, and will need less support from the stake and suffer less from winds.

Second. The branches, extending laterally like the spreading limbs of a tree, offer more protection to the fruit from the direct rays of the sun, a very important consideration in our latitude.

Third. There will be a greater tendency in all the buds to develop equally, and to prevent single shoots from gaining undue prominence.

12th. The Trellis is formed of two or more horizontal laths tacked to posts, and at convenient distances apart. It may be used either with the *permanent* or *renewal* stem system. The great advantage of the Trellis is that it gives more room to the branches, and a better support in training. Where building material can be easily procured, this would be preferable to single stakes. A modification of these two forms may be adopted, by using stakes of uniform height, say about four feet out of ground, and tacking single laths from the top of one stake to another throughout the row.

13th. *The Arbor or Frame* is only an extension of the Trellis, having two sides and a covering, all made of open lath work. This is intended more for ornament about buildings, and for giving the greatest possible expansion to the branches of large and old vines, when planting space is limited.—The pruning here is still on the same general plan, viz: to have always just enough of the new wood, of the previous year, to form fruit bearing branches of the current season.

14th. For the Scuppernong and other varieties of the Bullace grape which require no pruning, except to thin out branches when they are growing too thickly and to remove sickly or decaying shoots, *the Canopy*, (which is only the Arbor without the side laths,) is used. As the vine continues to grow and extend, additions are made, so that in course of time a Canopy may extend over a half acre or more of ground.

15th. Besides these principal kinds of training mentioned above, there are other modifications in use, which the fancy or taste of individuals may suggest.

A favorite mode practiced by some of the oldest vintners in the vicinity of Aiken, S. C., is to use, in addition to the large stakes on which the growing shoots are trained, smaller stakes about two or three feet out of ground placed at a

few feet from the former. In the winter, after pruning, the cane left for bearing wood is first fastened by cord to the large stake near its base, and then bent over at right angles and tied securely to the small stake. If two bearing canes are used they may both be fastened to the one stake, or a second may be used on the opposite side. The advantages claimed for this mode are, that the buds develop more equally than when in an upright position, and the cane is better secured against winds than if left on the large stake.

Trellises made of No. 10 wire have been recommended as more permanent and more ornamental than those of wood. They would be more expensive; but after the first cost, would be durable and permanent.

In books and treatises on the vine, we have many fanciful modes of pruning and training recommended and explained, but they can all be reduced to the few simple forms enumerated above.

The "Thomery System" introduced from France and practiced by Dr. Grant, of Iona, New York, and others, presents a beautiful appearance on paper; and is recommended as giving the greatest abundance of fruit, and of the best quality, when well managed.

Mr. Bright, an English gardner and vintner, of Philadelphia, recommends, in a treatise on the vine, a system of close planting, (two feet apart,)—and that only alternate vines be allowed to fruit each year; and the others to make wood only, and to recuperate their strength for the following season. This is perhaps more applicable to small vineyards with rich borders, and would be too complicated for extensive plantings.

16th. Nothing has been said of summer pruning, because the most important, is that done in winter. It is the winter pruning which determines the fruitfulness of the vine for the coming season, and which gives shape and general vigor to the plant. But little pruning is necessary after growth commences, and many persons condemn it altogher. If the *Renewal system* is the one in use, it is necessary to encourage one or two leading shoots for next summer's wood; and to do this, all superfluous buds should be rubbed off as they start. It is recommended also to pinch off the growing ends of the fruit-bearing shoots, leaving two or three leaves beyond the last cluster of grapes, in order to arrest the further growth and increase the size and quality of the bunches—care being always used that the fruit is not thereby exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

On the main shoots which are trained upwards to form bearing canes of next year, there are often small lateral branches starting from the axils of the leaves. As these only tend to exhaust the vine without adding to it in any way, it is advisable to cut them off at the 2nd or 3rd leaf of their growth.

In vineyard culture where many thousand vines must receive the same attention and care, that system of pruning and training must be adopted after full experience, which, by its economy, will be

found most practicable. We have much yet to learn in this country before vine-growing can reach the state of perfection it has attained in Europe.

We have a large number of varieties of grape from which to select, and the number is still increasing; all differing more or less in the quality of the fruit, in productiveness, and in wine making qualities; and in some respects requiring different treatment.

We have also a great variety of climate embraced in our widely extended country—of soil and exposure, which have their effect upon the grape for wine making. All these matters can only be learned by experience and by close observation of their habits.

This is the best school of instruction, for we have there an invaluable Teacher to guide and direct us in our researches.

EDITORIAL.

It is the privilege of a gifted few to write not merely for their own country and own age, but for all regions and all succeeding generations. The grand epic of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" has more readers and more admirers now, than it had three thousand years ago. The site of Troy is unknown. But the nations, who battled for its defence, or its destruction, live in the tale told so long ago. The art of war has changed. Battles are no longer decided by brute force or the individual prowess of a single chieftain. But the story of the ten years' siege and the exploits of Achilles and Hector have lost none of their interest. In fact, until Addison, recognizing the superiority of mind over matter in deciding modern conflicts, described Marlborough as "riding upon the whirlwind and directing the storm," the poets thought it necessary to imitate Homer; and each of them described his hero, as riding down whole squadrons with his mail-clad horse, or spearing whole battalions with his single hand. Addison borrowed his figure, profanely, from the Bible, "the Lord has his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet." But notwithstanding the irreverence of the comparison, it was more truthful, in some respects, than the other extravagance, since it assumed that the genius, and not the physical strength, of the modern general, decides the battle. The "powerful field-glass" of Burnside has taken the place of the javelin of Ajax.

How is it then that Homer still fixes the attention of the reading world, spite of this mighty revolution in the conduct of war? spite of the fact that the scene of his drama is unknown, and that the nations, who played their part

on it, have passed off the stage? 'Tis for the same reason that we admire an antique piece of statuary or oil-painting, from the hand of some grand old master. The head-dress, the ornaments, the drapery have all changed. But the figure and the features being representatives of man or woman belong to the present, as well as to the past, and excite our interest and our enthusiasm, just in proportion to their faithfulness. So with the grand epic of Homer. The time, place, implements of war, even the actors themselves are but the drapery of the statue, the frame-work of the portrait.—The passions, the emotions, the thirst for fame, the hunger for revenge, the disinterested love of country, the selfish lust of ambition, the rivalry of the chiefs, the jealousy of the troops—these constitute the picture, and so long as human nature shall remain unchanged, so long will this life-like picture be a study and a wonder.

We are no admirers of Byron. We believe that no one is ever made better by reading him, and perhaps few are so fortunate as to escape becoming tinged, with his base ingratitude towards God and his hateful misanthropy towards man. But he has given some wonderful portraits of human nature, and many graphic descriptions of scenery. John Randolph, who went over a portion of the path of Childe Harold, has testified to the singular fidelity of his landscape painting. Randolph had genuine taste for the beauties of nature, and he was a true judge of poetry. He was accustomed to say that "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" was the finest descriptive line in any language.

But we imagine that the fame of the poet rests not merely upon his pictures of natural scenery, but also upon his masterly analysis of the dark workings of the depraved human heart. His strength lies mainly in his power of describing the weaknesses, the follies, and the crimes, of corrupt humanity. Some of his pen and ink sketches of individuals are so graphic and so true to nature, that they will be recognized, as faithful likenesses of certain persons and certain classes, until the end of the world. We propose to give a few of these sketches, and will leave our readers to judge to whom they belong.

ALP THE RENEGADE.

"He stood a foe, with all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel,
And proved, by many a deed of death,
How firm his heart in *novel* faith.
He stood alone—a renegade
Against the country he betray'd;
He stood alone amidst his band,
Without a trusted heart or hand:
They follow'd him, for he was brave,
And great the spoil he got and gave."

We would suggest that a word beginning with a *k* makes equally as good a rhyme as "brave," and far more truth, in case of the modern renegade.

"And thought upon the glorious dead
Who there in better cause had bled,
He felt how faint and feebly dim
The fame that could accrue to him.
They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seem'd sighing:
The waters murmur'd of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,

Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Roll'd mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still and theirs!"

Any one will recognize this beautiful picture. 'Tis a portrait of the noble dead, just as true now as when drawn sixty years ago.

Alp did not repent, and his last moments are thus described.

"Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
Heralded his way to death;
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unanel'd he pass'd away,
Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
To the last a renegade."

(Siege of Corinth.)

We hope that a timely repentance may save the modern renegade, from so terrible a fate.

MODERN PHILANTHROPISTS.

"Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm where on they ride, to sink at last
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That could their days, surviving *hatreds* past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
Which eats into itself, or rusts ingloriously."

(Childe Harold.)

THE PHILANTHROPIST MAKES PEACE.

"Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude and calls it—peace."

(Bride of Abydos.)

We are sorry to see that our Northern Democratic exchanges are ridiculing the acquisition of Russian America. In soil, climate and productions, it is a favored region. The soil presents an earthy appearance, during the few weeks in which it can be seen, when the covering of snow has been removed. The climate is so healthful that even dyspeptics learn not merely to eat candles and drink blubber oil, but positively to enjoy the repast.—The productions consist in walruses, polar bears, and a large variety of extinct species of fur-bearing animals. The polar bears constitute, to our mind, the great attraction. We have the elephant in Dixie. He was run through the blockade during the war, quite a calfling then; but he has grown to huge proportions since the surrender. Peace has agreed with him, as it has with a large number of young men, who had such distressing coughs from '61 to '65. We have the elephant and we have "the grand and lofty tumblers," who can throw the neatest and most admirable somersaults in the shortest conceivable time. All that we need now is a goodly number of polar bears, and we then can start the most successful Circus on the continent. Our "tumblers" may object to the the polar bears on account of their color, but since the animals are of Northern origin, *that* may reconcile the difficulty; since they are now professing the tenderest attachment to the section, they once professed to hate. A few months' association of the animals with them will remove the objection on the score of color.—Nothing can remain white with them long.

The Sunday *Mercury*, of Phila-

delphia, speaking of the acquisition of this territory, says:

"Mr. Seward has attempted to imitate the "slaveholders"—Jefferson and Calhoun—in the acquisition of territory, and presents us with an admirable illustration of southern vs. northern statesmanship. Mr. Jefferson annexed the entire western bank of the Mississippi, from its mouth to its source, including even Oregon, and now divided into seven sovereign States, the greatest and most fertile in the Union, and all this for three millions of dollars! Mr. Calhoun annexed Texas, New Mexico, Utah and California, with their countless gold, despite the efforts of Abe Lincoln & Co., though this very gold enabled the said Lincoln & Co., to overrun and devastate the South.

Massachusetts opposed the annexation of Louisiana, and her delegates in Congress declared it sufficient cause to dissolve the Union, and she, of course, opposed the acquisition of Texas and California with equal zeal. With these grand precedents before him, Mr. Seward buys, not annexes, the Russian trading stations on the northwest coast, and gives about twelve millions for them! What value there can be in these trading stations, where the animals are nearly extinct, and British traders have an equal right to hunt there, and their territories lie between, it is difficult to conjecture, unless the North-West Passage is some day made practicable, when, perhaps, they may be used as sites for lighthouses.

But this contrast between Jefferson and Seward is more than accidental, and illustrates perfectly the opposing tendencies of southern and northern statesmanship—the former to a rich and glorious civilization southward, and the latter to very nothingness northward."

Owing to our sympathy with the gentleman of the Circus, we do not endorse the regrets expressed above. Besides, when the Democrats come into power again, these "tumblers" will either make a somersault back, or they will desire a more congenial climate than Dixie. In the first case, they will loudly declare that they always knew that "the Radicals would ruin the country and involve it in unspeakable misery." In the second case, we would cordially recommend the salubrity of Russian America, and would wish them a safe and prosperous journey Northward.

We learn that Col. B. H. Jones, of Lewisburg, West Virginia, is about to bring out a volume of poetry, written by the prisoners of war, on Johnson's Island.—Colonel Jones is, himself, a true poet, and the volume will contain many of his own poems. It will, also, contain poems from General Albert Pike, Colonel W. S. Hawkins, Major McKnight, and many others.

In looking over a recent number of the Savannah (Georgia,) *News*, we were struck with an article so painfully disloyal, that we were, at first, grieved at the want of vigilance in the Commander of District No. III. However, on examining the piece more carefully, we discovered that it was an extract from a speech delivered in September, 1858, in the loyal town of Charleston, and in the loyal State of Illinois. The name appended to it, too, would seem to endorse its loyalty *then*, but we doubt whether it would do so *now*:

"I will say that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to inter-marry with white people; and I will say in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and the black race, which, I believe, will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. * * I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race." ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We have received a letter from Mississippi, in response to an inquiry, as to the authorship of the phrase, Southern Confederacy.—The writer says that the Hon. H. S. Foote, in a speech at Corinth,

Mississippi, attributed the idea and the expression to Mr. Calhoun. Another correspondent, writing from Tennessee, says that the phrase was first used by W. Gilmore Simms, L.L. D.

Our correspondents are both mistaken, however, in supposing that we meant to give Brownlow credit for originating the term.—We have not been disposed to believe him inventive in anything, save new and strange forms of blasphemy.

In speaking of the flight of the Israelites from Egypt, Mr. Stevens says, "did he, (God) advise them to take no remuneration for their years of labor? No, he understood too well what was due to justice. He commanded the men and women to borrow from their confiding neighbors jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiments. They obeyed him amply, and spoiled the Egyptians, and went forth full handed. There was no blasphemer then to God's decree of confiscation. This doctrine then, was not 'Satanic.'—He who questions it now, will be a blasphemer, whom God will bring to judgment."

We would be surprised at a Scripture quotation from this gentleman, had we not read how another individual was free in the use of biblical phrases, at the time of the temptation of our Saviour in the wilderness. But why did the gentleman's biblical reading stop at the spoiling of the Egyptians? Why did he not go on, and read how these same jewels of silver and jewels of gold were cast into the fire and transformed into a molten *calf*, which the besotted freedmen fell down and worshipped? Does he wish the spoiling to go on that he may have a *similar* statue in memoriam?

We have no fears that Mr. Stevens' scheme of spoliation will ever be carried out. We have the highest possible guarantee against it—*the honor of the American soldier*. A pledge was given by the United States Army to their prisoners of war that they should not be disturbed in person or property, so long as they obeyed the laws of the country. *This pledge will be held sacred.* Gen. Grant has shown in the cases of Admiral Semmes and of Generals Hoke and Pickett that he regards the terms of the surrender, as binding upon his conscience and his honor. We would not be guilty of the meanness to suppose that the men, who fought us bravely, would act now in bad faith. The Rev. Mr. Brownlow's "torch and turpentine brigade" is an impossible thing. The "bummers," who might have joined it, have either been hanged before this, or are now shut up in penitentiaries and prisons. He might organize a squad out of the old Yankee-haters and negro-traders of the South (now "loyal Union men from the beginning,") but we would fain believe that it would be but a squad.

At a recent fire in a Female College of our own town, of Charlotte, the most active persons in extinguishing it were United States soldiers. We believe that the same spirit, to save and not destroy, actuates all who have

been *fighting* soldiers. The politicians, who safe in the rear, hounded on the fray, may talk and act as bitterly as they please. The men, who have tested each others' manhood in many a hard struggle, will act fairly, squarely and honorably by each other.—We would be ashamed of our American origin, if we could believe otherwise. The poor frightened creatures, who, through fear of confiscation, are turning somersaults and stultifying their previous history, do thereby cast a gross insult upon the honor of the soldiers of the Union. We scorn to make such covert insinuations against "our late enemies."

BOOK NOTICES.

1. *Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, With a Vocabulary and Notes.* By Wm. Bingham, A. M., of the Bingham School, Greensboro', N. C., 1864
2. *A Grammar of the Latin Language, for the use of the Schools, With Exercises and Vocabularies.* By Wm. Bingham, A. M., of the Bingham School, Greensboro', N. C., 1863.

THESE admirable works, modestly offered by their author 'as an auxiliary, however feeble, in establishing Southern literary and intellectual independence,' have long deserved notice at our hands. Much has been said of late upon the importance of providing, as far as possible, our own text-books in the various branches of education. All honor then be to one, who besides his labors in the unsuccessful struggle for our political independence, has made one of the first contributions since the war begun to secure, what still lies in our reach, our independence in matters pertaining to education. It would, however, be very contrary to sound principles of free-trade to maintain that we should use inferior books and patronize their authors, simply because they were produced on southern soil. The text-books must be really good and sound, or the education based upon them cannot be so.

We are proud that North Carolina has so early stepped into this unoccupied field, and presented our schools with books so useful and creditable. There is no longer any reason why the schools, in which Cæsar retains his old place in the curriculum (and they must be the vast majority) should have recourse to any of the numerous editions, however excellent, published in the Northern States. Col. Bingham's Cæsar should be *the* edition for our Southern schools. The same may be said of his Latin Grammar as long as the student requires only an elementary book of that kind.

It is not very easy to give a correct idea of a commentary upon an ancient author, except by an elaborate review and copious ex-

tracts. In this short article we shall endeavor to state what seem to us to be the chief merits of Col. Bingham's Cæsar, and shall give a few illustrations, which may induce those who are unacquainted with it to examine it and his *Grammar* also.

One difficulty in using Cæsar in a school is that the book is put into a boy's hands very soon after the *Grammar*, and before he can have had any experience in translating. In a well arranged Reader or Delectus, simple and easy sentences may be presented, and all that is difficult can be rejected or postponed till the tyro's mind has been prepared to understand it. But Cæsar's commentaries being written for *men* and not as a school-book, like any other classic which can be placed in the hands of a boy, contains scattered here and there, even in the earlier part, many passages involved in construction and obscure in meaning. The first book is one of the hardest of the whole seven. That *crux tironum*, the *oratio obliqua*, occurs near the beginning and continually presents itself to the torment of many a young student.

A commentary upon Cæsar then, to be of use, should be copious, at least in the earlier part, and should endeavor to make these difficulties easy. As, however, Cæsar is mainly used as a Latin Reader—as a vehicle for parsing and learning to translate—the principle object of the notes should be, it seems to us, to explain the various grammatical constructions and make a boy familiar with them and his Latin Grammar.

After a very careful examination of Col. Bingham's work, we do not hesitate to say that it is admirably adapted for this purpose. It will be of real use to a boy; it will teach him the difference between Latin and English construction, and will show him *how* to translate, and yet it does not translate the whole lesson for him. The matters necessary to be commented upon are pointed out, and the difficulties, if any, are solved in *short* notes, written in good, clear English. This is really of great importance, and has much influence upon the formation of a boy's English style.—Sometimes we have simply a reference to the grammar, sometimes a happy translation of an idiom, sometimes, again, a hint as to the author's meaning. The difficult geographical questions which might be raised on Cæsar, and which one may find elaborately treated in Mr. George Long's edition are set aside as not suitable in a boy's first Latin Author, but he is taught Latin Grammar and how to translate. We will give a few examples:

Book i. chapter 4. *Damnatum poenam sequi oportebat, ut igni cremaretur.*

Many boys would think this translated (as we have heard it) by saying "the law required that the punishment *that he should be burned* with fire should follow him *having been* condemned."

Col. Bingham gives these notes: *Damnatum*, "if he should be condemned;" § 185. 1. The participle agrees with the object of *sequi*, *eum* understood.

Ut igni cremaretur, "of being burned with fire;" a final noun-

sentence in apposition with *poenam*. *Ne causam diceret*, "*from pleading* his cause," § 193.

The notes on chapter 14—the first hard chapter, containing a speech reported in Oratio Obliqua—are excellent, and we would refer to them as a good specimen, as also to those on chapters 40 and 44 of book first.

In the latter we observe what we consider a mis-translation of the phrase *quid sibi vellet* uttered by Ariovistus. It is not what did Cæsar want with reference to him (Ariovistus) but simply what did Cæsar want, or mean? *sibi* being the *ethical* dative, and of course reflexive. We are aware that Col. Bingham has authority for his rendering, but see Zumpt's Grammar, § 408. Am. Edit.

There is not to be found throughout the whole of the annotations upon the seven books a single note of that long, wordy character which disfigures and obscures the other wise useful editions of Dr. Anthon.

The typographical appearance of the book is a curiosity. It was done in the midst of the war, when the South was blockaded by sea and land, and as it may truly be said, was contending against the whole world. Only the meanest paper *could* be obtained at any price, and the difficulties of printing and binding were such as would have discouraged any but the most determined. When these things are considered, it is remarkable that the printing is as good as it is. We hope we shall soon see the Cæsar in a new edition (a Philadelphia edition of the Grammar has already been published,) and when it goes to the press we would recommend the marking of the quantities in the excellent vocabulary which completes the volume.

We have no time now to point out the excellent features of the Latin Grammar. It is a very happy combination of a grammar and exercise book; more concise and better than McClintock's very useful "first book" which has been so popular. The rules are clear and short, and to the point. We will illustrate this by comparing a few with the long, wordy, abominable monstrosities called Rules, which many teachers North and South are daily cramming into the minds of poor unfortunates, which they can scarcely understand and which seem framed so as not to be understood. We refer in particular to Andrews' and Stoddard's Latin Grammar. The sixty-fifth edition now lies before us. When another is published (as there soon will be, of course, for there is nothing like a thoroughly bad school-book for going through edition after edition,) we would suggest the following as a better title: "A new and improved method of making Latin Grammar, difficult, obscure, and distasteful." When such works are crammed whole down the throats of little boys, (as they are, for schools in the North boast of teaching it all—large print and fine—360 pages,) it is no wonder that the tender-hearted Ole Bull, when he was over here, was induced to say to an omnibus-driver who wanted to push off a little urchin, "Poor boy! let him have a ride, who knows what his troubles are, *maybe he studies Latin!*"

We open at random and light upon that important rule—the *ablative absolute*. Andrews says 'A noun and a participle are put in the ablative called *absolute*, to denote the time, cause, means, or *concomitant* of an action or the condition on which it depends.'—Here is no explanation of what ablative absolute means, or when it is used, and the rule is expressed in language which no boy can be expected to understand.

In Col. Bingham's Grammar it is thus given: 'A noun and partiple *whose case depends on no other word* are put in the ablative called *absolute* to express the time, cause, condition, or *circumstances* of an action.' Andrews seems to think that the more words he can heap together in his rule, the clearer it will be to a boy. Thus we have 'a clause denoting the purpose, object, or result of the preceding proposition.' Purpose and object are nearly the same; a purpose and result differ widely, and it is very necessary for a boy to distinguish *ut* in these *two* senses. By throwing in the word *object*, a boy is led to think of three distinct things or else of three synonyms. Col. Bingham has 'Final sentences express a *purpose* or result (the *end* to which an action tends.') See § 192.

Andrews says (rule 264.5) 'A relative clause expressing a *purpose, aim or motive*, and equivalent to *ut* with a personal or demonstrative pronoun, takes the subjunctive. There is another verbose rule for a relative expressing a consequence, and another (for a wonder a short one) for a relative clause expressing a *reason* of what goes before. Bingham combines all these beautifully in one brief rule. 'The subjunctive is used in relative sentences; expressing *purpose, result*, or *cause* (*qui* = *ut* or *quod with demonstrative*.')

In the same way Bingham's rules for the genders of the 3rd declension (after Madvig he tells us) are comprised with the exceptions in two small pages of coarse type.

Andrews, by bringing in all the Greek nouns he can get, and, by we know not what perversity of arrangement, manages to spread his over three pages and a half of very fine print.

Here, however, we must stop, and we conclude as we began, by cordially recommending these volumes, and earnestly asking those interested in classical studies to examine them. The works are an honor to the author, a credit to the State of North Carolina, and a valuable service to the South. Col. Bingham well deserves the thanks of all American, but especially all Southern, students. HALL HARRISON.

PRESIDENT REED OF PENNSYLVANIA. A REPLY TO MR. GEORGE BANCROFT AND OTHERS. Philadelphia: Howard Challen, 1867.

This is a complete refutation by Hon. Wm. B. Reed, of Philadelphia, of certain charges brought against his distinguished ancestor, General Joseph Reed, by General Cadwalader, Mr. Bancroft and others. The hostility on the part of General Cadwalader seems to have had its root in military and political rivalry: on the part of Mr. Bancroft, the bad feeling was probably due to severe animadversions upon the conduct of the New England troops, made by General Reed, when Adjutant General of the army under Washington.

Mr. Reed, the writer, treats General Cadwalader with great courtesy and respect, though fully exposing his incorrect statements. But Doctor Rush and Mr. George Bancroft are handled with unsparing severity. It was quite natural for Dr. Rush, the life-time enemy and slanderer of Washington to transfer some portion of his venom to every member of the military family of the American Commander. One fact is brought out in this book, which we had forgotten, if we ever knew it, namely, that Doctor Rush was the writer of the celebrated anonymous letter of 1778, to Patrick Henry, suggesting the removal of Gen. Washington. This was the beginning of the Gates-Conway conspiracy in which Dr. Rush figured largely. His hatred of Washington followed him beyond the grave. When all that was mortal of the great Virginian was slumbering in the dust, Dr. Rush wrote to Mr. Jefferson, making coarse reflections upon the religious character of the illustrious dead!

Hon. Wm. B. Reed thus comments upon the traducer of General Reed, and of the Father of his country: "It was this writer of anonymous defamation, this vehement partizan, he, who could stand on Washington's fresh grave, and scoff at the great inhabitant below; it was he, who was Gen. Reed's chief assailant in 1782 and 1783, who, in all probability initiated the controversy, and who certainly volunteered to be a chief witness."

The position, which Mr. George Bancroft is made to occupy, is really a pitiable one. He is shown to have aspersed the very officers, who are held in most reverence by the American people, and for the contemptible reason that they did not come from his own section, New England, or had spoken slightingly of New England troops. Thus Greene, whose Southern partialities are well known, is assailed in eleven places in a single volume of this New England Historian. South Carolina gave Greene 10,000 guineas, Georgia gave him lands, and he "left his home in New England and died a Southern man." For the benefit of Harper & Brothers, we would mention that Wayne had a large number of Catholic soldiers, and his eminent services were never questioned. But he unfortunately said, "my heart bleeds for poor Washington. Had he but Southern troops, he would not so often be necessitated to fly before an enemy who, I fear, has lately had but too much reason to hold us cheap." Hence, Wayne comes in for a share of the venom of Mr. George Bancroft. And in like manner, he assails Dickinson, Mercer, Smallwood, Lambert Cadwalader, St. Clair, Mifflin, Armstrong, Moylan and Sullivan,—all except the last, "born South of the Hudson."

Mr. John C. Hamilton is the next person disposed of by Hon. Wm. B. Reed. He will be remembered as the author of a very silly book published some years ago, claiming that Alexander Hamilton composed the orders, dispatches, and addresses of Washington. He is, we believe, the grandson of Gen. Hamilton, and a magnificent demonstration of the fallacy that talents are hereditary.

The attacks upon General Reed by these prejudiced or foolish assailants, can have no effect upon the minds of those, who remember that the General was a member of the military family of the Father of his country during the Revolution, and his trusted friend through life. No eulogy can go beyond this, and no slander can blacken the character of such a man.

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